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LADY. MARY PEPYS.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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THE COMPULSORY CLAUSES IN PRACTICE.

A CASE of the utmost importance to landowners has just been decided in the King's Bench Division. Its bearings are simple and involve no difficulties that would perplex the understanding of a child. The action was brought by Mr. E. H. Ringer of Whissonsett Hall Farm in Norfolk. It arose from the application of the compulsory clauses of the Small Holdings Act to land owned by him. The story told in his affidavit has not been disputed. It was that Whissonsett Hall Farm had been in the occupation of members of his family for many years. It consisted of 363 acres of heavy soil, the character of which made it impossible for him to keep sheep during the winter. Last year a neighbouring holding, the Brick Kiln Farm, came up for sale at public auction. It consisted of 181 acres of light land thoroughly suitable for sheep, and he became the purchaser, entering into possession in October last. In the same month he bought the Hall Farm, of which he was already in occupation; and he said that he would not have bought it but for the fact of his being able to unite it with the other holding. Naturally, when the purchase was completed, he enlarged his farm buildings in order to carry on his avocation on the enlarged scale necessitated by his new acquisition. But in January of this year the Norfolk County Council, acting on the powers conferred upon them by the Small Holdings Act, acquired the whole of the land in the Brick Kiln Farm for the purpose of allotments. When the order was made the owner appealed to the Board of Agriculture, which caused an enquiry

to be made respecting the matter, and then confirmed the order of the County Council. The hardship of the case is self-evident. Unfortunately for Mr. Ringer, the law is equally clear. Mr. Justice Darling, in giving judgment, had no other course open to him than that of deciding against the applicant. He read the clauses of the Small Holdings and Allotments Act, on which the Norfolk County Council had acted, and said that

the section gave to an order made by a public department the absolute finality and effect of an Act of Parliament.

This the Court of King's Bench had no power to set aside, nor could the Court set aside an order made by the Board of Agriculture. He went on to say that

Here there was a public department put in a position of absolute supremacy, and whatever the opinion of the farmers of Norfolk who came to the Court asking for relief might be about the matter, they could only say that Parliament had enacted only last year that the Board of Agriculture in acting as they did should be no more impeachable than Parliament itself. The rule *nisi* asked for must therefore be refused.

Mr. Justice Jelf concurred with this opinion, and remarked that this case

presented an illustration of the length to which Parliament had a right to go in ousting the powers and the jurisdiction of Courts of Law.

And he went on to remark that

If a majority in Parliament were successful in passing an Act of Parliament which had that effect, then the jurisdiction of the Courts of Law in matters in which some people might think it was desirable that even Government departments should be under the control of the Courts was nevertheless ousted, and the Court had no power to interfere with the decision of the department.

All this, then, is strictly in accordance with the law. The Norfolk County Council, in throwing open the newly acquired land of the farmer, was not going beyond the powers given to it by the Act of Parliament. The Board of Agriculture had every right to confirm as it did the order made by the County Council. Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Justice Jelf administered the law in that impartial spirit which is the tradition of the English Bench. No one of the parties we have mentioned was to blame in the matter; yet there are few who will argue that a great wrong had not been committed. Moreover, if we leave the moral side of the question severely alone, there still remains the bearing on the prosperity of the rural classes. It is the worthy and natural ambition of the successful farmer to acquire land, and thereby become his own landowner. That he should have this feeling is surely desirable from every point of view. It is an incentive to industry and enterprise. The more men we have in Great Britain labouring hard to achieve such an end, the better it will be for the country. On the other hand, think how discouraging such proceedings as these must be for the flower of the rural population. They may strive as much as they like towards becoming the owners of property, but they do so with the knowledge that at any time the land so painfully acquired may be taken from them by the County Council, supported by the Board of Agriculture. For this state of things those responsible are the Members of Parliament who voted for the compulsory clauses of the Bill. In England there was up to a very little while ago a strong and well-grounded objection to interference with a man's private property. The common-sense of mankind regarded it as essential to the welfare of the State that what a man had acquired honestly and legitimately he should be allowed to keep. After all, this is the implicit law on which our social state is based. Men do not live wholly alone. They do not work altogether individually, because there are many things, like the keeping of order and the punishment of crime, that can be better accomplished in combination. But their consent to combine cannot be said to imply that they agree to interference with a man's private goods. For what does this incident amount to? The land is ruthlessly taken from one who has proved by actual results that he could use it to his own advantage and to the advantage of the State, and it is placed in the hands of others who have given no such proof of ability. The man to whom a small holding is given is an experimentalist and may succeed or may fail, but the chances are very much in favour of the latter alternative. Can anyone, therefore, examine the matter with an impartial and unprejudiced mind and advance a single argument in defence of this law?

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Mary Pepys. Lady Mary is a daughter of the late William John, third Earl of Cottenham, and a sister of the present Earl.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

LORD ROBERTS made a grave, earnest and able appeal on behalf of national military training in moving the Second Reading of the Military Service Bill in the House of Lords on Monday night. The debate which followed must at present be described as mainly educative in its character. During the last few years, and even within the last few months, great progress has been made towards a general recognition of the new circumstances in which Great Britain is placed. Lord Roberts showed in the course of his address that a hundred years ago the number of armed men in Great Britain and Ireland was almost identical with the number at the present day; but, as he said, the danger we have to guard against is infinitely greater than the menace of a century ago. Rival countries are now armed to the teeth and warfare is conducted on more scientific principles. When comparatively simple weapons were employed it was possible to improvise an army at very short notice. To-day the soldier requires much more elaborate instruction in his duties. Without being in the slightest degree alarmed, we have only to look abroad to see that the possibility of conflict is vastly increased beyond what it used to be.

Even if this were not so, much might be said for the grounds on which the Bishop of Bath and Wells supports the Bill. He told his experiences of camping out with the Church Lads' Brigade, and said, "I always went back full of admiration of the way in which the lads caught the spirit of discipline." The Bishop of Exeter had previously spoken in the same vein. He believed that the Bill would "tend to counteract the tendency to softness and indiscipline which, especially in town-bred populations, was threatening the moral future of the country." It may be true, as a number of speakers suggested, that Great Britain is not yet prepared to accept a universal system of military service; but the debate attests a growing belief that something is needed to prepare the country for crises, and to strengthen the patriotism of our young men and fit them for the task of defence which, when required, every citizen ought to know how to perform.

Experts who have brought a great deal of light and very little heat to bear upon the land clauses of the Finance Bill are giving a very unfavourable verdict. It was pointed out at a meeting of the Farmers' Club, where the subject was discussed, that the taxation of capital value means the introduction of a new principle into English finance. It may or may not be justifiable; but the practice on previous occasions has been to deal with a new principle like this by Bill and not by Budget. The best political writers have ever held that the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is only to enlarge or contract the operation of recognised methods of taxation; and when a new system is introduced it ought to come by Act of Parliament, to which both the House of Lords and the House of Commons must be consenting parties. The taxation of unearned increment ought to have passed through this ordeal. Surveyors at a meeting of their association also condemned it wholesale. The increment value duty, the reversion duty, the duty on undeveloped land and mineral rights, will all, they think, conduce to the lowering of land values, and they do not merely state their opinion, but show logically and clearly how this effect is going to be caused.

It is impossible, as one goes about in the country, to avoid hearing the criticisms of the poor on the old-age pensions, and

equally impossible not to be struck by the general condemnation of the scheme which is pronounced by the poor themselves. The burden of their complaint is that they do not see why those who have saved nothing for their old age should be supported in part at the expense of those who have. They complain that the thrifty and the unthrifty are now placed on something very like an equal footing, and that the strongest incentive to thrift is removed. This being the case, it is of great interest to note the widely representative nature of the meeting held lately at the house of Lady De Rutzen, under the presidency of Lord Avebury, to consider the desirability of trying to combine a contributory scheme with that of the present system of old-age pensions. If the contributory principle could be introduced, it appears that it would remove much of the objection held by the poor to the Act as now in force. It is almost an open secret that the framers of that Act did not sufficiently inform themselves of the system and working of the contributory scheme in Germany—which answers very well—before asking the party in power to pass their Bill.

Dr. Mapleton, Medical Officer of Health for the Newton Abbot Rural District Council, *à propos* of our notes on the new Dairies Bill, sends us his annual report, which, in addition to other interesting matter, includes a description of the means by which purity of milk is attained in Denmark. "Ideal pure milk from healthy cows" has been practically secured in Denmark through a system of co-operation. It was started in 1878 by Herr Busck, a large butter merchant, not as a profit-making concern, but in order to reform the milk trade, then in the most unsatisfactory condition. The organisation now contracts to take milk from about forty farms, and the precautions adopted to secure only pure milk being supplied are admirable in the extreme. Cleanliness is insisted upon. Cowsheds are washed out and the manure removed before milking. Dry sweeping is forbidden, and the animals are groomed and the udders, teats and surrounding parts washed and then rubbed dry with a cloth. The chief value of this voluntary effort, which is very fully described by Dr. Mapleton, is that it attains the results aimed at without the aid of such harsh and unreasonable methods as are contemplated by Mr. John Burns.

ON RECEIVING A SALE CATALOGUE.

July, 1909.

Your Blouse Suits never will be mine,
Dust Coats are clearly *for* dust;
Without a pang I can resign
Tucked nets—but, oh, had you a line
Of cheap Fur Coats for August!

To me no Princess Robes, I pray,
In helio. or champagne quote;
I do not want your sunshades gay,
Your scarves in white, rose, sky and grey—
Where is your bargain Rain-coat?

Your Linen Gowns may be half-price,
But don't you sell prunella,
Or serge, or something warm and nice?
And aren't you going to "sacrifice"
So much as one umbrella?

Unseasonable is your Sale!
Useless to every comer!
Which of us wants a Chiffon Veil,
A Rose Mount or an Ivy Trail
Now—in the depth of Summer?

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

The eighth annual report of the Central Public House Trust Association is a very encouraging document. The last twelve months have not been favourable, as a rule, to the conduct of licensed houses, as the Government's Licensing Bill and the anticipation of increased taxation of the liquor trade in the Budget produced great uncertainty as to the future. In spite of this, universal improvement has been shown in the financial position of the companies. Sixteen of them have actually paid dividends, and twelve others have earned sufficient net profit to have paid the maximum percentage if they had not had back losses to liquidate—that is to say, twenty-eight companies out of a total of thirty-seven are in a sound financial position. During 1908 the sale of food increased at a much larger rate than that of liquor. In the course of the year the alcoholic sales were only £38 in excess of the previous twelve months, whereas the increase in food sales was £534. Evidently the working-man appreciates the public-house at which, if he does not want to drink beer, he can have a wholesome cup of tea for a penny.

Officials at the Board of Agriculture do not as a rule exaggerate, and, therefore, the statement made this week in the "market notes" may be implicitly accepted. It is

that the prices for fat cattle are now at a higher level than has been touched for probably twenty years. Sheep are not selling well, but "show some slight rise on the week," and if the upward movement in beef continues, no doubt mutton will follow in sympathy. Pigs, too, are advancing in price; but in regard to them the breeder is slower to take full advantage of his opportunities. They are diminishing in number, despite the fact that the value of bacon goes steadily up. No doubt the shyness of the pig-breeder is largely due to the dread of the swine-fever regulations. We do not say a word against them; but, however necessary they may be to the actual extirpation of the disease, they have, in the meantime, ruined many pig-breeders. This is all the greater pity, because in the case of so prolific an animal as the pig it should otherwise be easy to meet any shortness of supply.

The rose-grower has had more than the usual troubles to contend with this year. The prolonged winter cold had the effect of killing much of the plants, so that a deal of dead wood had to be excised, then came the caterpillar innumerable in the spring, and deluges of rain just as the long-delayed first blossom was coming out. Even at the moment of writing, some of the first blooms, though long over-due, are not yet out, and their fate is better than those earlier ones which the rain soaked in the opening bud. On the other hand, there are some very fine specimen blooms, where circumstances have specially favoured them, and a notable fact is the peculiarly rich colour of some, which we may attribute to a less severe scorching by the midday sun than the first bloom often suffers. William Allen Richardson may be noticed as having a warmer tinge than usual in its spring bloom. It is a year when rose foliage generally has suffered very much from the caterpillar, but it is seldom that personal attention to each individual plant has been so well repaid.

In some new houses which have recently been built at Knutsford in Cheshire a very pretty idea has been carried out to encourage the bird-loving propensities of the occupants. The idea is to leave nesting-places for our feathered friends. A local writer says, "Instead of filling up the holes left by the scaffolding, the architect had closed them with a thin covering of stucco, pierced with a round hole. The birds enter and build inside. Sometimes you may see a tiny step just below for the bird to alight on, and a little cornice over the gap to keep out the rain." Other holes have also been purposely left in the brickwork for nests, and it is said that the birds understand it all perfectly. Many bird-lovers will, no doubt, be glad to follow this good example and provide homes for the birds when they are building their own. The only objection appears to us to be that the greedy and ubiquitous sparrows are more than likely to appropriate the whole of the nesting sites.

From all parts of the world came on July 13th as extraordinary a collection of weather reports as we have ever read. England on the preceding day had enjoyed one of the few glimpses of sunshine vouchsafed this year. In Germany heavy rain and hail storms were reported from the greater part of the country, and it is said that fires and fur coats have been resumed, while a fall of snow has occurred in the Bavarian Highlands. From Brussels the intelligence arrives of a snow-shower on the Belgian seacoast, and the usual seaside resorts are deserted. In France, too, the floods of heavy rain were varied by snowstorms in several parts of the country. As if to make confusion worse confounded, summer and sunshine are announced as prevailing near the Arctic regions. The disturbances appear to be so widely spread that, now we are approaching the middle of July, it seems hopeless to expect that we shall enjoy even a fragment of summer; but the countryman has much faith in the old proverb which says that a wet June is always followed by a fine September.

Norwegian anglers, by all the latest accounts, have been suffering from the cold of the early summer and have caught few fish; but the cold weather is all in favour of much better sport later on, for it means that the snow is being held back and not melted too early, so that the rivers will not be likely to run down low, as they have in some previous years, just at the time when the best of the sport ought to be beginning. We look forward to a good season in Norway; but certainly the hardy men who tried the first weeks of the fishing have not had the sport they deserved.

There would not appear to be any want of money among sportsmen if we may judge from the sale of the thorough-breds which belonged to the late Sir Daniel Cooper. Fourteen lots produced the satisfactory result of 48,190 guineas, and the sale of Flair set up a record for a brood mare, the price being 15,000 guineas. The purchaser was that ambitious young sportsman, Mr. F. G. Stern, and it was only after long and spirited bidding that he secured the prize. It

began at 6,000 guineas and went up by thousands until 10,000 guineas was reached; then with increments of £500 at a time it rose to the sum we have named, when the mare was knocked down to Mr. Stern. It was anticipated beforehand that Flair would make a very high price. She won the One Thousand Guineas, and in the opinion of her late owner, Sir Daniel Cooper, would have carried off the Derby also but for an accident. She is a beautiful and ideally bred mare, and has a magnificent chestnut foal by Gallinule. The highest previous price ever given for a brood mare was 12,600 guineas by Sir Tatton Sykes for La Flèche.

We cull the following from the correspondence column of a leading architectural journal. The writer, after complaining that our terra-cotta manufacturers are unworthy of this great industrial age, adds: "One ought to be able to write to a firm and say: 'I want Norman bricks for Norman arch, spandrels, capitals, pillars, bases, window-sills, suitable for a small villa.' I have merely quoted Norman; but certainly the following leading styles—Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Italian, Norman, Gothic, etc.—should also be procurable." What a prospect! Our outer suburbs may one day teem with miniature Romsey Abbeys in brick "freely adapted" as eight-room villas at so much apiece, but with a 10 per cent. reduction if ordered by the dozen. But why is the Egyptian style to be omitted? The tomb of Ramses arranged as a drawing-room would surely be "effective," and if the lady thought it rather severe, it is wonderful what an effect can be produced with a little art-mashin and gold paint!

A CASE OF PEARLS.

Oft have I seen great ships at sea,
Full rigged, with all their canvas blown;
Oft have I seen Laburnum tree
With all her golden ringlets grown;
And I have seen the small waves bounce
Upon the Moon's white arm at night;
And I have seen those wild waves dance
Like stars, beneath the Morning's light.
And many a far off thing could please,
When I have stood on mountain's height;
How common houses, in dark trees,
Did shine like angels robed in light;
The field of buttercups, that shone
Like one big golden flower so grand;
And how, when harvest days were done,
Broad stacks of gold stood on the land.
But neither full sailed ships at sea,
Nor waves that danced by day or night;
Nor ringlets of Laburnum tree,
Nor common houses robed in light;
Nor stacks of gold in every place—
Nay, none of these can claim my pride,
Now I have seen thy mouth's red case
Open, and show the pearls inside.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

There are two outstanding features in the non-partisan proposals which Mr. Winston Churchill has made for the reformation of procedure in the House of Commons. He would have, for one thing, a ten-minutes' limit to the duration of speeches, and he would enforce this upon ministers, ex-ministers and private members alike. This certainly would be a wholesome reform, for there are thousands of speeches made annually in the House of Commons which are not meant so much to illuminate the subject of debate as to please the electors. It would improve the quality of the speeches. Brevity is the soul of wit, and there are in reality very few arguments that cannot be succinctly and lucidly set forth in a ten minutes' oration. Another important change which Mr. Churchill suggests is that every Bill should be introduced with a time-table printed upon it, this to be fixed by a committee of business "on which the party in power should have the majority, but which should be overwhelmingly unofficial in its character." He is following the principles of the Grand Committees of the House of Commons and applying them to the general work of Parliament.

English agriculturists will watch with the greatest sympathy the progress made towards arranging the great agricultural show which is to be held at Palermo in June and July of next year. The connection between Great Britain and the Argentine is close and long-established. The Republic, which will celebrate its first centenary on May 25th of next year, has for long been one of our best customers for pedigree stock. Nowadays it possesses magnificent studs and herds of its own; nevertheless, it continues to absorb many of the best animal products of this country. In addition to this business connection there has always been a very friendly feeling between stock-owners

in this country and in the Argentine. We are glad, therefore, that the show is to be International in character, and hope that every European country will be well represented in the various classes. No doubt the show will tempt many of our people to make a trip to the Argentine.

Again and again we have drawn attention to the fact, so interesting to the naturalist and of much practical importance to the farmer and gardener, of the tendency of birds, especially of the corvine kind, to vary their habits in different localities. In some parts of the North of England the starling, in general a good friend of the agriculturist, is quite acquitted of the guilt of robbing the cherry orchard, to which it is a dire pest in Kent and Sussex. In Westmorland also it is a cherry stealer, and in this part of the world the jackdaws are almost as destructive in this way as the starlings themselves; yet, on the Kent and Sussex borderland best known to the present writer, although there are many jackdaws, they do not seem to have formed the cherry-eating habit. It all shows that statements as to the habits of birds, and any protective or other measures based on them, should be framed with strict attention to the districts in which the observations have been made. What is true in one

place may be contrary to the truth in another, and it is singular that of all families of birds the corvine, which is certainly the cleverest, is the most apt and able to vary its habits.

The names of few modern Frenchmen are so familiar to Englishmen as that of the late General de Gallifet, who died recently after a long period of ill-health borne with great courage. Both the late General himself and some of his family had closer relations with England than used to be at all common before the good days of the *entente cordiale*. A love of sport was the point in which they had perhaps most in common with the British temperament; but the name of de Gallifet stood, besides, for very much that is most typical and attractive in the French character, as the Englishman (partially it may be) understands it—the gallantry and genius for war of the *beau sabreur*, and therewith the brightness, quickness and thoroughness of intelligence which make their possessor a very fine administrator if his life be cast, as was that of the late General de Gallifet after his fighting days were done, amid circumstances that demand these qualities. He held his portfolio for a short while only, and in the face of keen opposition and criticism, which he met with the same courage that had distinguished him in active warfare.

CHAFFINCHES IN THE GARDEN.

PINK was eleven months old when she first stood before the camera. She was born on May 2nd, and I well remember her mother flying in at my window with insistent chirps, clamouring for food. It was a cold, wet morning. "Hullo, old lady, are your little ones hatched out? Meal-worms or nut this morning?" She quickly filled her beak with nibbled meal-worm, and with bits of skin clinging to her mandibles flew back to the privet hedge 30yds. away. Following her, by the door, not by the second-storey window, I found her daintily feeding four tiny, gaping, up-stretched mouths. In twelve days her chicks were fledged, and she coaxed them to safety among the topmost branches of a neighbouring lime tree. A week later the youngsters boldly fluttered down in the wake of their mother to my feet. And how comical they were as she fed them on the path, opening their beaks and



PINK FEEDING FROM MY HAND.

wagging their heads from side to side, apparently making it more difficult for her to get her beak into theirs.

One of the baby chaffinches soon learned all the tameness its mother could teach it, and much more of itself. It would perch on the hand, allow me to stroke its back gently and would take morsels of nut from the lips. Pink, I called it, not simply because it was a pink or spink, but because it was the pink of perfection. Pink is now a perfect little hen, and has been hotly wooed by several suitors. Not a bachelor chaffinch in the whole garden would satisfy her. She rejected the advances of two handsome cousins, and to their disgust vowed her fidelity to an absolute stranger. He was a stout, vigorous bird, and, introduced to me by his *fiancée*, I was soon on familiar enough terms with him to flick nut at him and call him Plump. Plump he was, in spite of the tightness of his feathers, a token of perfect health. And what a handsome gentleman, with ruddy



CHAFFINCH AND CHERRY BLOSSOM.

brown waistcoat, matching the colour of his cheeks, and polished blue beak, a formidable weapon, frequently tested in duels with jealous disappointed rivals! No wonder Miss Pinkie's heart fluttered when he lowered his wings and raised his tail and hopped round her with sidelong comical gait, singing softly words of love. I would entice her away from him into a flowering cherry tree, and among the butterfly blossoms, where Pink looked her best, I would refresh her with tiny morsels of walnut. This scene is given in the first illustration. Pink has just come fresh from the amorous advances of Plump. How boldly she stands upon the cherry branch, not one whit afraid of the big camera within a yard of her, nor of my fingers two inches away, from which she quietly takes the nut, while my hand supports the bough from sinking beneath her weight. I regretted afterwards that so little of the cherry blossom appeared in this photograph, and decided to try and get a similar picture with blossom taking the place of my not-beautiful hand. Two days later I focussed the camera on the same bough of the tree, at the same time of day, three o'clock in the afternoon, and had no difficulty in enticing Pinkie to the spot. A little moistened nut placed on the branch was sufficient inducement to attract her to take her position at exactly the same point between the cherry buds, and she squatted down contentedly, nibbling nut as peacefully as a cow chews the cud. Her weight brought the bough down to the horizontal, and the result was the second illustration to this article, of chaffinch and cherry blossom. This second photograph was taken on April 21st.

Pink now began to think it was time to nest. She chose as a site for building operations the lowest branch of a big fir tree overhanging a garden walk. I regretted her choice, for the bough was 12ft. high, and the horizontal fork in the middle



TESTING NESTING MATERIAL.

of it, to which the nest was attached, was most awkwardly situated for photography. The only thing I could do was to acquiesce in her choice. This I did, and even provided materials to help her in building her nest. Shredded cotton and bits of paper she delighted in, and carried off far more than she could possibly use in the construction of one tiny egg-cup nest. She would leave tell-tale streamers of cotton at the end of the fir branch, as much as to say, "Do look up at my work of art." The third, fourth and fifth illustrations show the manner in which Pink gathered her "charpie." Plump meanwhile encouraged her by "singing his simple ditty o'er and o'er," and by generally fussing round without giving any real assistance. In five days the nest was finished, and Pink on the next four mornings, long before I was astir, laid her four eggs. I never went up to the nest to make sure of this, as I was afraid she might resent it. Even tame garden chaffinches do not like their nests examined, perfect structures though they be, a delight to hand and eye.

Here is an example of the touchiness of chaffinches as regards their nest. I had half-tamed a pair of garden chaffinches, and they would pick up bits of nut jerked a few yards away. The hen was building her nest in one of a row of Scotch fir trees just outside the garden. I was not sure of the exact spot, and tried to discover it, not by searching, which would have been easy, but by observing the birds quietly from a distance. After a few days I felt pretty sure of the exact position of the nest, and going up to the tree found it just where I had expected it to be. I had not been within 10yds. of it before, and even now I did not touch the nest. Only once did I look at it. A few days later I noticed this pair of chaffinches were not to be seen about this tree. They had deserted the spot, and

the hen bird was building another nest 50yds. away. My curiosity had alarmed them. "Strictly Private" was evidently their motto. Since this happened I have never intruded on the garden chaffinches' nests till the hens have



GATHERING A BEAKFUL.

been sitting for several days. When they are half through the light labours of incubation the hen birds will not readily desert.

Incubation-time is not too monotonous for hen chaffinches, for the cup of their nest is deep and warmly lined and sheltered from the wind and direct rays of the sun. The eggs can, therefore, be left to themselves for considerable intervals. Pinkie had many a half-hour off each day, when she played about, basked in the sun, bathed in a neighbouring streamlet and tickled her palate with caterpillars, May-flies and meal-worms. When she saw me she would cry out "pink, pink," insistently, till I gave her one of the last-mentioned dainties.

One morning, when Pinkie's eggs were about a week old, there was evidently something wrong. Pink and Plump were in distress and kept crying out, "help, help," as they saw me coming up the garden. On looking up at the nest I found it was hanging down sideways, loosened from its support on one side. Whether cat or squirrel was to blame I never ascertained: the marauder, if there had been such, was not a boy, for three of the eggs were there, precariously balanced on the side of the nest. The fourth was in fragments on the asphalt path below, and the half-formed embryo, with its big head and the unassimilated yolk attached to the miniature body, was fast drying up in the sunlight. My clumsy efforts to fix the nest straight and to secure it did not satisfy Pink. Perhaps her instinct told her that the eggs had been left too long, and she was far too practical a lady to spend her time fruitlessly sitting on lifeless eggs. In a day or



ABOUT TO FLY.

two she was busy making her second nest, this time in the branch of an apple tree trained on iron wire, and she used the support of both branch and wire to make her new home doubly secure. A few mornings ago she flew off her nest to meet me, and on my

taking a hurried peep in, pretending to be merely parsing the spot, I saw four spotted little eggs in shadow at the bottom of the cup. Pink was soon cuddling them again, and this afternoon, when I fetched the camera and set it up on its tripod 3ft. from the sitting bird, she seemed quite pleased that I should take her photograph to show to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Plump, her liege lord, watched operations from a few yards away. He is not yet tame enough to face the camera, but he is growing daily more confident, and I am in good hopes of getting pictures of him in a few days' time feeding his sons and daughters.



PINK ON HER EGGS

BERNARD BUTLER.

THE SUMMER PLUMAGE OF THE MALE RED GROUSE.

By J. G. MILLAIS.

UNTIL 1909 naturalists do not seem to have devoted much time to the study of the summer plumage of the red grouse. Mr. Ogilvie Grant, in his excellent little book on the "Game Birds" (page 29), considers that the red grouse, being an insular form living in warmer latitudes where a white winter dress is unnecessary, has gradually dropped the spring moult necessary to his Northern relation, the willow-grouse. And in the main he is right; but not completely so. He states definitely, moreover, that the male breeds in the "winter dress," suggesting that there is no accession of new feathers similar to the summer dress of the willow-grouse, and in this he is incorrect.

Some years ago the proprietor of a deer forest who was anxious to exterminate the grouse on a certain hill allowed me to shoot three pairs in May for my collection. I confess that parts of the plumage of the male puzzled me, and I was in doubt whether the brilliant dress was altogether the result of re-pigmentation or fresh moult. Some new feathers were coming in and others were nearly complete on the neck, and this made me think that Mr. Grant's view of the winter-summer dress without additional feathers could not be maintained. An opportunity for thorough investigation of the question did not occur till recently, when I applied to certain friends to help me to solve the question. Through their generous support I have had over fifty freshly-killed cocks sent to me between February 10th and July 1st. To show how difficult it is to get specific information on a simple phase in the life history of one of our commonest birds, I may mention that not one of my correspondents or their keepers, who had spent their lives on the moors, could state definitely whether the cock grouse had a breeding plumage, or even a summer moult or not. A typical answer was that of Mr. R. Rimington Wilson, who writes, "I have spent my life on the moor edge and I am ashamed to say I do not know."

The result of my examination of these cock birds is as follows. From March 1st until March 24th not one new feather was found in the winter plumage of eight cocks from Yorkshire, Elgin, Inverness-shire and Perthshire; but as the month advanced the comb was much developed and a richer red colour suffused all the red feathers of the plumage, which also achieved a brilliant gloss. The access of colour was due to re-pigmentation consequent on the birds getting into high condition as the snow melted. The first bird to prove that the cock grouse has a partial breeding dress came from Cambusmore in Sutherland on March 24th. A large number of new rich black and golden yellow feathers were found coming in all over the crown, cheeks, throat and back of the neck, but not on any other part of the plumage. From this date until the end of the month five specimens all showed a similar infusion of new feathers to the same parts, and were also brighter in their re-pigmented parts than early March birds. On

March 30th I received from Bleaton Hallet in Perthshire the first bird to moult the feathers off the legs and toes, while on June 15th a male from Beancock, Inverness-shire, had only commenced to shed its long feet and toe feathers. In the moult on these parts of the cock grouse alone I found great irregularity. Although other parts were normal, the toe and leg shedding of feathers seems to bear no relation to the rest of the plumage.

Throughout March and April all specimens exhibited the influx

of new feathers of brilliant black and yellow among the old winter red ones that had been re-coloured. These additions extended over the whole of the head and neck, but not as far as the nape, and although a number of feathers evidently moulting came from a bird from Alness, April 20th, no true autumn moult, except on the parts noticed and on the feet and legs, takes place until early June. There is a tendency, but only a tendency and not a general change, among the black and white types of males towards red in the re-pigmented summer plumage, for on April 13th I received two fine males of a black form from Nairnshire, which were still as black as any full winter birds. In the case of the very white types found in Sutherland and on high grounds, the white under parts are generally darker than during winter, and this is due not to tip-wearing, as we might expect, but to an extension of the black towards the exposed parts of the feathers; in fact, to a pattern change. Nature abhors contrasts, and takes this method of assimilation to surroundings.

On May 1st a very interesting bird was received from the Duke of Devonshire's moors at Buxton in Derbyshire. This has the whole of the head, cheeks, throat and neck complete with new richly-marked black and yellow feathers, while a few new golden-pointed feathers were coming into the nape, back and scapulars. Another similar bird from Broomhead Moor, Yorkshire, received on May 13th, had a large number of bright summer plumage feathers entering the plumage all over the breast, nape, scapulars and tail coverts, etc., but not on wings or belly. These two birds are of the highest importance, because they seem to me to show that in individual cases the cock grouse does have, to a considerable extent, a distinct breeding dress, which must not be confounded with the true autumn moult, which, as Mr. Grant has already correctly stated, commences in some cases as early as June 6th. These "summer-plumage" features would doubtless form part of the true autumn plumage, and would be cast somewhere about mid-September; but that does not seem to detract from the fact that they are a separate and ornamental attribute of the plumage achieved by the bird for decorative purposes during the time of brilliance, while in colour they are in no way quite similar to the dull buff and black autumnal dress assumed in June.

Broadly speaking, and without losing sight of individual variation due to condition, climate, season and latitude, it may be said that from June 18th until the end of that month the cock grouse is in full moult, tail, primaries and all. The legs and feet are generally bare, and it only keeps such feathers as have come into the plumage since March. In this sombre dress of buff and black and faded summer feathers, nearly all males of the several forms are alike, and it would seem that this dull plumage is somewhat similar to the eclipse plumage of the ducks. In reality it might be named the "eclipse" dress of the cock grouse, for with autumn—that is to say, early September—commences the big change to winter, when all feathers, except the primaries, secondaries and tail, are again renewed. This, however, we need not discuss, as I have already explained it at length.

In conclusion it is the case that the summer or breeding plumage of the cock grouse is achieved mainly by re-pigmentation and possibly some pattern change of most of the winter feathers below the neck, and above that part by a gradual spring moult (differing greatly in individuals as to date), while in the

case of certain males these ornamental feathers may extend in small numbers to the nape scapulars, chest, back and tail coverts, thus partly forming an ornamental nuptial dress similar in character to that of the willow-grouse. It is also a new and curious fact that the male should moult the feathers of the legs and feet at any period between March 30th and June 17th, as the margin of time is so very wide.

The following list of birds gives details of the plumage of the most interesting specimens. The numbers indicate conspicuous changes:

MALE GROUSE SENT FOR EXAMINATION DURING THE YEAR 1909.

1. March 16th. Bearnock, Inverness-shire (H. F. Wallace). Richly coloured bird in fine plumage with good gloss; the reds and blacks are more brilliant than during winter; comb well developed; feet and legs as in winter; no new feathers.

2. March 24th.—Cambusmore, Sutherland (Mrs. Wilfred Loder). A large number of new rich black and golden yellow feathers coming in all over crown, cheeks, throat and back of the neck, but the rest of the plumage winter feathers well re-pigmented with fine gloss, rump almost blood-red, with some feathers not recoloured and dull; legs and feet as in winter. A very fat bird in high condition.

3. March 30th. Bleaton Hallet, Blairgowrie, Perthshire (J. McK. Marshall). Re-pigmentation very rich, together with considerable pattern change on the whole plumage except crown, cheeks, throat and neck, which are being renewed with brilliant breeding dress feathers. The feathers of the legs and feet have fallen and are nearly bare.

(The legs and toes of another example from Pitlochry, sent on April 1st, were also in full moult.)

From this date until May 1st all birds were acquiring or had gained similar plumage, some moulting feet and toes, and others not doing so.

4. May 1st. Buxton, Derbyshire (His Grace the Duke of Devonshire). New head and neck feathers complete, but in addition many new, rich, golden and black feathers coming into nape, back, scapulars and breast, but none on tail coverts, wings or belly. Old winter feathers mostly re-pigmented and re-patterned; legs and toes bare.

(A bird from Broomhead Moor—R. Rimington Wilson—already referred to, was even more advanced, having new feathers in tail coverts as well.)

5. June 12th. Broomhead Moor, Yorkshire (R. Rimington Wilson). General moult over the whole plumage, except on those parts to which new summer plumage had already come since March, legs and toes devoid of feathers. Primaries, tail feathers, and all parts being renewed and passing in eclipse plumage.

After this date, with the exception of a few backward birds, all specimens were passing through a similar change. My best thanks are due to the following friends, who have so kindly assisted me with one or more specimens: Earl Cawdor, H. F. Wallace, Captain Brander Dunbar, Mrs. Wilfred Loder, C. W. Dyson Perrins, J. C. Williams, Beville Stanier, M.P., His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Herbert Pullar, P. D. Malloch, H. Rose of Holm Rose, J. McL. Marshall, A. Wynne Corrie, R. Rimington Wilson, E. M. Eversfield, The Macleod of Macleod, G. W. Millais.

SOME SURVIVING GOTHIC KNOCKERS.

A FINE specimen, both as to size and quality, of a mediæval door handle or knocker has lately found its way from Essex to the British Museum, through the intermediary of that most valuable organisation of munificent private individuals called the "National Art Collections Fund." It represents the head of a lion or leopard, starting out of a disc 14in. across, and holding a ring of iron in



FROM "BRAZEN HEAD" HOUSE, ESSEX.

Now in the British Museum.

its jaws. The metal is an alloy of copper, brass rather than bronze, and it would seem that even in old days it gave the name of "Brason Heade" to the house to which it was affixed. Until a few months ago it had been on the iron door of a modern farmhouse in the parish of Lindsell, between Dunmow and Barfield. But that dwelling was the nineteenth century successor to an old moated house, and in the Visitation of 1558 we find mention of "Thomas Fitch, of Brason Heade in the parish of Linsell." His home may have been known by this name long before, and it is noticeable that the Fitch crest is a leopard's head, cabossed. Was this knocker made for the Fitches, and does it represent their leopard? As it cannot well date later than the fourteenth century, this is not very probable, and the more likely explanation is that it may have been on the door of a house of religion pulled down or wrecked at the time of the Dissolution of the monasteries, and that only then, on its transference to Thomas Fitch's house, did the latter begin to be called after its knocker. This, however, is pure surmise, and there is no reason why such a knocker should not have been made for a layman for domestic purposes. To call all specimens of the

kind, as people are apt to do, by the generic name of "Sanctuary knockers" rests on no sort of evidence. A knocker of the same character as that from Brason Heade is to be found on the door of the brewhouse at Winchester College, no doubt its original position. There must have been plenty of such knockers on doors that did not open into places of sanctuary, and there must have been plenty of places of sanctuary that lacked such knockers. Throughout the mediæval period not only was every church held to afford temporary sanctuary, but claim was made to the inviolability of the churchyard, and there was not, as has been urged, any special and additional safety in taking hold of the ring of the door-knocker. Special privileges and greater consequent safety attached to those fane which sheltered the shrines of popular saints. The bones of St. Cuthbert gave peculiar sanctity and distinction to the great monastery on the hill of Durham, and it became a very noted place of sanctuary. Moreover, it was a house whose monks zealously recorded its history and even



H. Walker.

ON NORTH DOOR: DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

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described its customs. Thus we know its annals as a sanctuary and we know that sanctuary was gained by rapping at a door which still preserves its ancient knocker. There is therefore one perfectly genuine sanctuary knocker, and this has, no doubt, led to all that are similar being also thus described. The Durham knocker, as the illustration shows, does not rise out of a metal plate like the last example, but the mane of the animal, which in this case can hardly pretend to be the similitude of any known beast, forms with its double row of curls the outside edge of the metal-work. It has been suggested that the eye-balls are represented by openings in order that a light placed behind might shine through. But a careful examination of these hollows will reveal traces of flanges in which something—crystals, perhaps, or enamels—was fixed to represent eyes. The ring in this case is not of iron, but of the same alloy of copper as the head, and it is ornamented with dragon heads. It has been held that this knocker is as early as the episcopacy of Ranulph Flambard, who died in 1128. In that case it will be the very same knocker that is mentioned as being used towards the close of King Stephen's reign. The See was then vacant for a while, and Hugh de Conyers held the temporalities for the King. He imprisoned two men in the Castle. They escaped, made for the Cathedral and, as the contemporary monk, Reginald, describes it: "Hereupon their leader violently and repeatedly struck the brass rings which hang outside the doors." A detailed



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ALL SAINTS', YORK.

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wrecking process which the Cathedral has repeatedly undergone under the name of "restoration," there yet remained above the north porch the chambers in which certain men slept in order to at once admit those that knocked, which might be, and most probably would be, during the night. Then the Gallilee Bell was rung that all might know that someone had taken sanctuary, and the Prior sent word that he should keep himself within the Sanctuary bounds and wear "a gowne of blacke cloth maid with a cross of yeallowe cloth called S^{cte} Cuthb: cross sett on his left shoulder of his arme to tintent y^t evy one might se y^t there was such a frelige graunted by God & S^{cte} Cuthb:." The refugees had special quarters assigned to them, and "they had meite, drinke & bedding & other necessaries" provided at the cost of the monastery "unto suche tyme as y^e pior & y^e covent could gett theme coveyed out of y^e dioces." A register of all such as sought sanctuary at Durham from 1464 to 1524 has been preserved, and will be found in the fifth volume of the Surtees Society's publications. Murder and homicide were the crimes which most often caused men to fly to St. Cuthbert for protection, and such causes account for four-fifths of the entries in the register. Men of very different social grades, from knights to husbandmen, and of all occupations appear in the

list. Self-defence is the almost invariable excuse for the murders committed. Such is the first case in the register—that of William Hodgson, who "against his will, but in defense of his own body, as he asserted," wounded a certain John Stanton, who died therefrom. Such is also the last case, occurring in September, 1524, which tells how Randolph Childers was assaulted by James Reed and, thereupon, "cum uno baculo vocato le pykestaff in capite percussit" the assaulter who incontinently died. But there are lesser offences also mentioned, such as the breaking into a mill and the abstraction of "divers grains," or the burglary of a vicarage and removal of the vicar's money and articles of plate. There is even the case of a man whose fault is described as no more serious than being "backward in his accounts."

Another knocker of smaller size but of the same general character is also illustrated. It is on a church, but whether its ring was ever grasped by suppliants for sanctuary it is impossible to say. The Church of All Hallows in Ouse-gate, otherwise known as All Saints', Pavement, in the City of York,

belonged to the Durham Convent before the Dissolution. Its chief feature is its open lantern tower, and Drake, in his "Eboracum," published in 1736, relates the tradition "that anciently a large lamp hung in it which was lighted in the night time as a mark for travellers to aim at in their passage over the immense forest of Galtres to the city." The disc of the knocker is etched with a foliage pattern round its edge, and from the centre rises an animal's head that holds in its mouth not only the ring, but also a human face. There is a precisely similar knocker on the door of another Yorkshire church, that of Adel, near Leeds, noted as an example of Norman work. The whole of the knocker, including the ring, is of bronze, and the latter portion has the same kind of etched pattern as the disc. The knocker is on a new door with new iron hinges copied from those that had belonged to the old door. This old door, which was *in situ* until 1843, showed three places where the handle or knocker had been. When the 1843 "restoration" produced a new door the old one was moved to the vestry, but "has now disappeared." The third illustration gives a simple type of handle, also usable as a knocker. It is on the door of the Lincolnshire Church of Careby, a few miles north of Stamford. The disc has a perforated patterning, and the staple in its centre which holds the ring bears a rough



BREWHOUSE: WINCHESTER COLL.

likeness to a human head, while the ring itself has reptiles lying on it. Hence the whole thing is said to "represent the patron saint of the church asleep and the two lizards are whispering in his ear telling him that the devil is about to attack him." So there is almost as much hidden meaning in it as in Lord Burleigh's shake of the head in "The Critic." It is surprising how much we can learn of the history and purpose of these mediæval relics if we are not particular as to the evidence on which the information rests. If we are particular, we must be satisfied, and indeed grateful, that something positive can be said of the fine bronze example so often rapped in the silent night by those who sought the safeguard of St. Cuthbert.

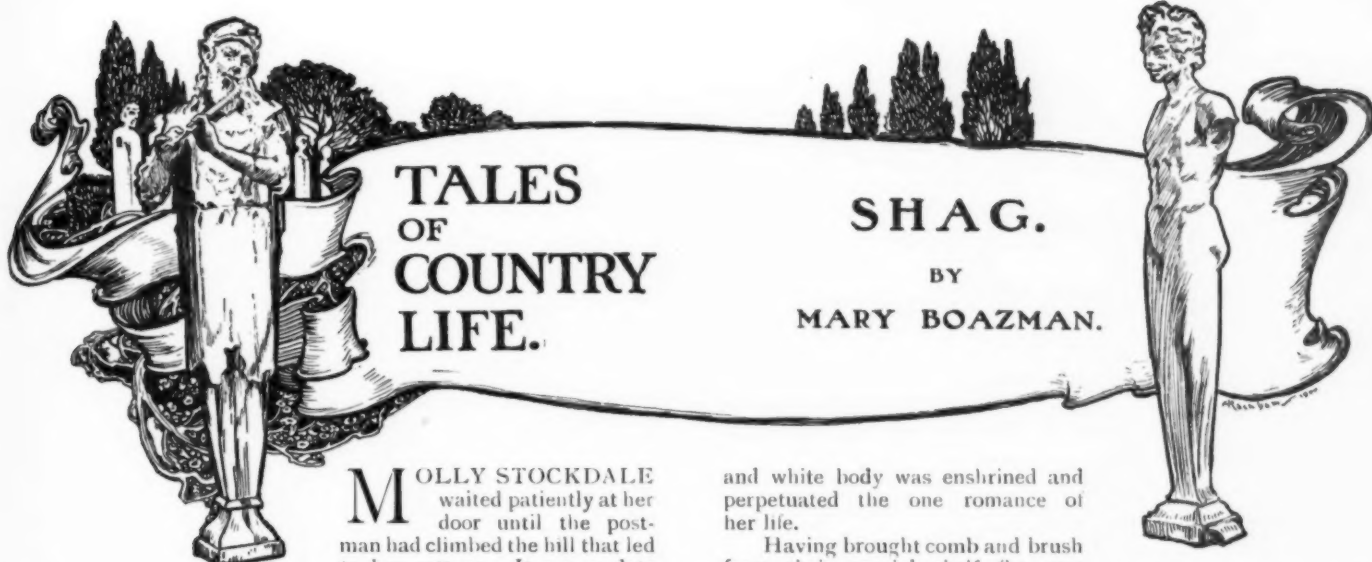
H. AVRAY TIPPING.



F. Grenfell Baker.

"WHEN CLAMOUR THAT DOVES IN THE LINDENS KEEP
MINGLES WITH MUSICAL PLASH OF THE WEIR."

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

SHAG.

BY
MARY BOAZMAN.

MOLLY STOCKDALE waited patiently at her door until the postman had climbed the hill that led to her cottage. It was a date she knew, one of the few occasions on which she received a letter when an instalment of her little annuity was due. If it had been twenty-four hours late Molly would have felt terrified. To her simple mind the Post Office was only less infallible than the God of her well-dusted though rarely opened Bible. Inside one could hear Shag barking excitedly. He was not used to visitors, and raised a clamorous protest against their intrusion.

"Here you be, missis," said the postman, pausing for a moment's gossip as he mopped his forehead (in the country it is considered undignified, if not indecent, to hurry). "By the by, you'd best be lookin' arter yon dorg o' your'n."

"What do you mean?" Molly asked, sharply.

"Theer's been a case o' lamb-worryin' at Reuben Burns's las' night. They do say as it wur a black an' white span'el as done it."

"Happen mine's not the only black an' white span'el in the country-side, Mr. Pearson."

"Ay, to be sure, but you don't fasten him up o' nights, do you?"

"It isn't a bit o' use fastenin' him up anywhere," Miss Stockdale answered, with an air of pride. "He's that sharp he'd contrive to get loose if he was in Carlisle Gaol itself. He allus sleeps in the wash-house in the yard, and I know he wouldn't stir from the place."

"Well, I only meant it for a friendly warnin'," the postman concluded, as he prepared to depart. "Good-mornin' to ye, ma'am."

Molly went back into her cottage to prepare for the great event of her day—Shag's morning toilet. It was true he had been roaming early before she got up, but this did not rouse in her any special uneasiness. Wayward he might be, but he was also trustworthy.

No one knew him as well as she did—his engaging ways, his almost human eccentricities. If he sinned it was with such gentleman-like ease that one forgave the offence for the manner of doing it. One of his favourite tricks was to hide his mistress's slippers and watch her with demure mischief while she searched the cottage, the look of satisfaction on his face meanwhile being worthy of the attention of a student in canine psychology.

A hedgehog inspired him with feelings of intense disgust, and he would race barking round it for hours, no doubt regarding its prickly behaviour as opposed to the recognised canons of warfare. When bedtime came he always threw himself on his back, his shaggy little paws dangling helplessly, and refused obstinately to move, his unfortunate owner being thus compelled to stagger with him to the wash-house, where was luxuriously arranged his couch of flannel and straw.

No one guessed how Molly delighted in his little ways and pondered them in her moments of leisure. He represented husband, children, the poetry of a dull, laborious life. Without him she must have been forlorn indeed—a poor, joyless old woman, eating and drinking from mere force of habit, little better than a machine in the clockwork routine with which fate rewards respectable penury. With him she envied neither king nor kaiser, her very poverty and isolation increasing her opportunities of devotion and service to a most capricious deity.

For Shag, she never forgot, was not quite as other dogs. Around his advent hung a veil of mystery and miracle. He had come to Molly at a time of heart sickness and heart weariness, and it really seemed to her sometimes as if in his black

and white body was enshrined and perpetuated the one romance of her life.

Having brought comb and brush from their special shelf (he was only washed on Saturdays), she called him to her side, and he ran up with dutiful alacrity, for Shag was a dandy. Something in his appearance struck her as strange, and she made a hurried examination. On his black muzzle and sturdy fore paws were stains which no one could for a moment mistake for anything except what they were.

Without a word Molly sank into the nearest chair, threw her apron over her head and sobbed in utter wretchedness and terror. The first effect of a shock is bewilderment; misery rendered her impotent, and she could neither think nor reason. Shag, understanding something was wrong, came to her side and licked her hand, leaving a ghastly mark upon the clean cuff of her print gown.

His touch inspired her with a new fear. They would come, they would find him, perhaps destroy him on circumstantial evidence alone. Instantly she sprang from her seat, poured water from the kettle on the hob, and with hands that shook washed his face and paws before combing his silken and beautiful coat.

"Of course, he's not done it, poor darling," she muttered, as indignantly as if he had already been accused. "Maybe he's been fighting, or took a bite out o' one o' them dead sheep the farmers are too lazy to bury, and leave about to tempt poor innocent creatures."

She was only just in time. The comb and brush were scarcely back in their accustomed place before Reuben Burns, the injured farmer, and another neighbour knocked at the door.

"Is Shag here?" they asked.

"Be ye deaf that ye can't tell that for yerselves?" was her caustic reply. In fact, the cottage was resounding with his barks of annoyance.

"Had him in all night?"

"Of course."

"Well, you needn't be so sharp spoken, missis. We don't mean you any harm."

Molly was trembling all over, and in her great fear made a blunder.

"I'm likely a bit doddered this morning, as I just cut my finger afore you came. You can see the mark on my cuff."

At once she realised she had drawn attention to what had, perhaps, escaped unnoticed, and her sight was blurred with a red mist of fear. But the men apparently accepted her explanation; for, after another searching glance at the excited Shag, they surlily apologised for their intrusion and withdrew.

Their visit began a period of terror and suspense for the poor little woman, whose face grew wan and bloodless under the influence of the anxiety that robbed her of sleep by night and of peace by day.

Shag slept in the kitchen now, where, knowing his tendency to get out of windows, she had rigged up an effective though rough pair of shutters. Fearful of exciting suspicion, yet not daring to take him for his usual walk in the daytime, as people would notice if he were not running loose as formerly, she only ventured out in the evening, when, with a chain attached to his collar, she led him along the deserted lanes.

Shag hotly resented this curtailment of his liberty, and gave her such an uneasy time that often her feeble limbs felt almost too weary to convey the pair of them safely home. Meanwhile the real sinner grew fatter and sleeker and was obviously unrepentant. Ill-doing, according to immemorial decree, entails suffering, but not necessarily upon the guilty.

Sunday morning came. She stayed from church for the first time since she could remember. Shag must have his walk

in the morning, as in the evening the roads would not be safe because of Sabbath promenaders. The sound of the pealing bells made her feel restless, and she took down her everyday bonnet and mantle from their hook with a sensation of irreverence. She could not be happy when defying conscience, as she was one of those people to whom sin can never be a pleasure, if occasionally it becomes a disagreeable necessity.

The day wore slowly away, and she spent it in drearily counting the weeks before lambing-time would be over. Her pet was surely not big enough to attack a full-grown sheep, if in inadvertence he had destroyed a lamb. Nervous and depressed, her wandering eyes rested on a framed text upon the parlour wall—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"—and a painful shock passed through her frame.

"How can I hope to be blessed and made comfortable about Shag if I have disregarded the Lord's day? I'll shut him up and go to church this evening. Duty is duty when all's said and done."

With an instinct wholly pagan mingling with the fervour of her religious faith, Molly went to church. Surely God would recognise the effort she had made in coming and be proportionately indulgent. She felt almost cheerful during the journey home and decided to give Shag a biscuit to compensate him for his long loneliness. As she entered, the cottage appeared strangely empty, no black and white roly-poly ran bounding to meet her and, frenzied with terror, she searched the house. He was not within, the open, swinging window of the little larder betraying his method of escape.

"Oh, and he went while I was a-doin' right! It's hard! It's cruel hard! Shag! Shag!"

Poor simple Molly was conscious of a moral earthquake with her. As to Job of old, the tempter whispered to her, "Curse God and die." If Shag were lost, lost also was the heaven of her pious hopes, for she believed herself betrayed where she had trusted.

She spent that night in a fruitless and agonised search for her missing darling. If she encountered a curious neighbour she explained her presence by saying she was taking a walk or looking for mushrooms, regardless of the fact that it was much too early in the year for the latter. Her voice calling "Shag! Shag!" echoed plaintively over the fields, the quavering treble rising into a wail, but no response came to ease her troubled heart.

Hour after hour the pathetic little grey figure trudged on, the sharp stones of the mountain paths and the many tufts of rushes bruising her tired feet, her weary eyes straining through the gloom. As time went on she grew a trifle light-headed, and fancied she heard him barking in the distance, or howling in a melancholy way as if he were lost and wanted home. Sometimes she thought it was Willie himself she was looking for, her old sweetheart, gone out of her life this many a long year.

Spent and despairing, she reached her cottage again as the golden sun announced the birth of a new day. At first the sight of the familiar everyday objects made her think that perhaps he had returned in her absence; but a very cursory survey of the house and little yard dispelled this pleasant illusion. He was not there, and the bone she had placed on his plate remained untouched.

She was not left long alone. About eight o'clock a neighbour came in with the important and cheerful expression characteristic of a bearer of ill-news.

"So you've heard, Molly? Well, you do look queerly. A dog's not a Christian when all's said and done."

"What do you mean, Eliza Ann?"

"Why, to be sure, I thought from your face that you must know. Shag's been and worried another o' Burns's lambs. They caught him at it this time, and now they've shut him up. They're going to ask Squire Bennet if he mayn't be shot. You see, you can niver break a dog o' the habit once he's tasted blood. P'r'aps you'll have to pay damages too."

Molly was quivering all over and could not speak.

"I wouldn't carry on so," continued the woman. "There are other dogs, I reckon, though a cat's more comfort to a quiet body."

Miss Stockdale sat with hunched-up shoulders, her face white and rigid. Honest Eliza Ann, finding her so unresponsive, presently withdrew, to tell her husband at dinner that Molly was "fair dazed with grief, though it was only what she deserved for makin' an idol o' a dumb beast."

Almost as Eliza Ann left the cottage, another visitor entered—Miss Eastwell, the daughter of Molly's old mistress, with whom she had lived for twenty years as lady's-maid. At her death it was discovered she had left the faithful servant the small annuity which was just sufficient for her simple needs. Molly felt a vague sense of comfort when she saw Miss Eastwell. She belonged to the class that seemed so powerful and omniscient to her own circumscribed capacities.

"Molly, I see you are very unhappy about your little dog. You mustn't fret so. I am on my way to Squire Bennet's. I

shall tell him, if there are expenses, my brother and I will bear them."

"Oh, Miss Gertrude, they won't take him away, will they?" She could not voice a more dreadful supposition.

"But, Molly, you must remember these things cannot be helped sometimes. After all, he is only a dog."

"Only a dog!" Molly felt as if something in her head were whirling rapidly round like a disorganised clock. She sat up in her chair, pushing the hair from her forehead.

"Oh, Miss, you'll speak for me, won't you? You'll speak for me to Squire Bennet? You won't let them rob a poor old woman of her only joy? Though it tears me to pieces to do so, I'll tell you how it is he ain't quite like other dogs. I've never uttered a word about it to a soul, 'cos I thought they'd likely laugh. When I was a girl and wif your mother, I was courted by Willie Dale, the hind at Burns's own farm. He was a fine young chap—p'r'aps you mind him, Miss Gertrude—and we loved each other well. Now, wherever he went he was always follered by a black and white span'el, and the creatur' was that faithful to him it was a pretty sight to see. At last we agreed he was to go out to Canada and make a home for me, Shag (that was his dog) going with him, and everything seemed so bright and cheerful like. Then, I can't make it out, Miss—only young women are contrary—an evil sperrit took possession of me, and I grew jealous of the innocent dog and thought Willie set as much store by him as he did by me. On our last Sunday together he says, 'Now, Molly, what am I to give you to remember me by?' and I answered, quite quick, 'I'd like nought but Shag.' Then he turns white and says, 'I can't part wi' him, 'cos he'd just pine after me, and you'll find him waitin' for you, my lass'—that's what he used to call me—'when you come over the ocean.' But I wasn't to be stirred by anything he could say, nor by my own reason neither, and at last he says, as if tired, 'I see you ain't the girl I thought you were. We'd better part, I take it, as you seem of that mind, afore it's too late.' He went, and I never heard again from him, though I waited and hoped. It wur my own fault, but that didn't make it easier to bear. When your mother, Miss Gertrude, left me my money, I gave up service and came to my cottage. The sperrit was gone out o' me with the years and I felt a lonely old woman. One evening, five winters ago, I came home, and there on the rug lay a round soft ball. It was a black and white span'el pup, and I knew Willie had ceased to think hard o' me and the dog had come to tell me so."

The quavering voice ceased, and on Miss Eastwell's gentle face were tears; but with them was mingled an expression of surprise and excitement that Molly never noticed.

"Molly, I will do my best. I will speak to Mr. Bennet. And don't worry, Molly—it will all come right, I am sure."

As soon as she was alone, the little woman raised her eyes, fevered with misery, to the familiar walls of her kitchen. Her thin arms were interlaced tightly round her knees, as if she must try and restrain herself from madness, and the indistinct hopefulness caused by Miss Eastwell's visit soon died away.

The golden sunshine stole in through the uncurtained window and warmed her grey head, and soft air, breathing the fragrance of pollen and apple blossom, wafted sweetness around her. But Molly saw only one picture, a hundred shining barrels pointed at Shag's fearless little body (poor doggie, how could he suppose they meant to do him an injury? and probably his last utterance would be a bark of defiance), for her imagination, if profoundly ignorant, was dramatic in its conception of events.

"Oh, it can't be, it can't be!" she cried. "I'll go to Squire Bennet myself. He won't let them rob a poor lonely old woman of her one joy. He's a real gentleman, he is, and Miss Gertrude'll be there to help me."

She stood erect, grief lending a tragic distinction to the spare figure, and took her bonnet and mantle from the peg.

Outside, the blaze of golden light made her blink and see the world blurred and indistinct, when the garden gate clicked and a round, excited mass rushed towards her, almost knocking her down with its wild impetus. Could it be Shag, wagging his tail, frantic with joy and totally unabashed? Behind him came a tall, bearded man, whose face seemed strangely familiar, as if she had already seen it in a photograph or a dream.

"Molly, do you know me?"

Joy had been too much for her; the tears were trickling on to Shag's thick coat.

"Willie," she whispered, almost inaudibly.

"This is my first trip to the old country since I left you," continued the intruder. "I've always kept you in mind, Molly, and when I came home, I asked for you and was told about you and Shag. I knew if you'd got a black and white span'el you hadn't forgot me. Then I heard of last night, and got the dog set free on one condition."

"What is that?" she asked, breathlessly. "Can I do it? I am very poor, but p'r'aps Miss Gertrude—"

"I've seen Miss Eastwell. You can do it, and will not find it very hard, I trust." He took the hard-worked, wrinkled hand.

"There's a home waiting for you over the ocean, my lass, whenever you're minded to take it. I'd have written likely, but I ain't great at letters, and I thought you'd most probably be married, and enjoyed fancying you weren't."

"But, Willie, I'm old for fifty, and after me behavin'——"
 "You'll never let me go off alone again, will you? I guess a sea trip is the thing to cure Shag of his tricks. Anyhow, there's no sheep in our parts, only wheat."

A JULY SALMON.

THE hottest July that had been known for years. The Dee was a crystal trickle with a widespread desert of pebbles on either side of the centre stream. The pools were well filled, but the colour of their denizens had changed from a silvery sheen to a dull red copper hue; and even the succulent prawn, never so well as it placed, failed to elicit the slightest response from *Salmo salar*. A gouty General, an apoplectic Colonel and a hard-bitten Major shared the water with me as guests of the Marquis Arms Hotel, and we were all getting sick of meeting in the smoking-room after dinner to hear the same old grumble of "hard blue sky, brassy sun and 'no' water." I was only eighteen, but keen as mustard (I killed my first salmon the year I entered my teens), and I felt that this state of matters should not continue so far as I was concerned.

Just before driving off from the third tee he remarked, "I say, old chap, I wish you *could* kill a fish to-day. Old Buster hates parting with a sovereign, and I owe him 'one' for wiping my eye on the Lyon last spring. I always thought his gillie really killed his fish. I'll stand you a box of Coronas if you do it, and as I'm not going to fish to-day I'll gillie for you and we'll leave Peter behind." "Right ho!" I said, "we'll start at four." As the clock struck four we left the hotel. We made for the Red Rock first. It was a deep pool with shelving gravel on one side and firm, overhanging rocks on the other, and at least 10ft. of water under them.

I put on a very light grilse cast of 3yds., with a Lord Saltoun at the tail and a hare lug as dropper. I fished carefully over every inch of the pool, and just near the tail where the pool



J. M. Whithead.

THE MIDDLE OF JULY.

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But how and when, and with what, was I to break the spell of bad luck? The glass had been at "Set Fair" for days, and seemed likely to continue so. Cunningly I "drew out" the good soldiers as to the size of fly they were using, and found that they condescended to nothing less than 1½ in. irons and that they used mostly fancy flies. It thereupon occurred to me that something very plain and very small might do the trick. I went into Aberdeen next morning and got Garden to dress me some special hare lugs, Lord Saltouns, March Browns, Bumbees and White Wings on very small irons, ranging from a small trout-fly size to some of ½ in. I returned to A—— the same evening, and after dinner sought the smoking-room, where I heard the same old weary tale of "Not a fish moving, sir, the whole day long." I grunted dissatisfaction, and the General, a choleric soul, by the way, took offence. "I'll bet you, young man—a sovereign to a shilling—that you don't kill a fish between ten a.m. and ten p.m. to-morrow." "Done with you, sir," I said, quietly, so quietly that the three men looked at me as much as to say, "Now what the devil has this youngster got up his sleeve." Next morning, as usual, the General and the Colonel departed to their respective beats, but the Major did not, and I was much tickled when he asked me to have a round of golf.

ended there was a mighty boil as a big fish made for the fly. "By Jove!" cried the Major. His exclamation unnerved me and I struck too soon. "That is too bad, Major; those Coronas were well on the way to being mine. If you can't keep from shouting you'd better go home." He apologised, and promised to be "mum" for the rest of the evening while my line was in the water.

It was a bitter disappointment, but the milk was spilt. I had a smoke, and then we strolled down to the Red Brae, and here I saw nothing and felt nothing. "Have you seen fish moving in any of these pools lately?" quoth the Major. "Yes," I said, "I have." And no more satisfaction did I give him. Time wore on, and at 9 p.m., when we reached the Bellwade Pool, my companion looked at his watch and said, irritably, "You'll have to hurry; it's nine o'clock." "Well," I replied, "this is the last pool on the beat, and I labelled one here on Sunday behind the big rock yonder, in the swirl; he's about eighteen to twenty pounds and not so very red."

I took off both flies and substituted a little double White Wing on ½ in. irons. I put on no dropper, for the light was failing a bit and I did not want to hook a fish and get hung up by the other fly on a rock or weed. I waded in and fished as carefully

as I knew how. Just as I had landed the fly in the swirl behind that stone where I knew the fish was, I saw an almost imperceptible ripple which I knew was his majesty on the *qui vive* for his evening meal. He did not take it, so I came out, smoked a cigarette and gave him five minutes' rest. I then walked up 20yds. and fished down again, my heart thumping hard and my wrist on springs. In the self-same swirl he came at it like a tiger, and the reel sang "The De'il Amang the Tailors." I had only a light 14ft. Castle Connel rod, and he bent it like a whip; he tore up stream, first right in the neck of the pool, but after a minute's strain there he found it too strong and dashed seawards nearly the whole length of the pool, and had out 70yds. of line before you could wink. Then he tried jiggling on the surface (nearly always a fatal thing for your chance of landing a fish); then he bored and sulked, nosed the boulders on the bottom up like a flash into mid-air, falling back with a Gargantuan splash

that filed my nerves horribly. After 25min. of this kaleidoscopic game he rolled over on the surface once or twice, and, reeling in quickly, I got him to the side. But the moment he sighted the glint of the gaff, which the Major had handed to me (I prefer to gaff my own fish), he was off like an express train, and nearly ran himself on to dry land on the opposite shore. I lugged him back, and after a few abortive efforts to double his tail over the cast and break it, I steered him back to my feet and, getting the gaff well home, I slung him on the pebbles at the Major's feet. "Well done, young 'un; he's a good fish"; and so he was, for Salter came down to 21lb. when we weighed him after I had extracted the hook. We gathered some bracken and tenderly packed him in the bag, and after a "nip" out of the Major's flask to "kirsten him," we walked to the road where Barclay was waiting with the dog-cart. He told us that "the Ginerall and the Kurnel hadna' any fish."

J. L. DICKIE.

OLD SPINETS.

THE sight of old musical instruments must always give pleasure to those who indulge in an æsthetic sense. While exhibitions, such as those formerly held in the Albert Hall, and especially the one held in 1904 at the Fishmongers' Hall, have exerted an educative influence over all who were privileged to visit them, they have been an unmixed joy to those who love music with an univided love. There are two instruments which owe much of their high place in our memories to the charm of their names. So pre-eminent is the lute that we can scarcely imagine what the poets could have done without its sweet name to conjure with. The spinet, which in the seventeenth century fought hard for precedence and made the lovers of the lute anxious for its pride of place, is a good second. When we think of an eighteenth century interior, and the furniture in the drawing-room, we always want to place a spinet there. Millais, when he was painting his charming picture of the "Minuet," copied an old spinet by Thomas Hitchcock in the possession of Messrs. Broadwood. A later artist has chosen to show a meditative child wrapped in happy thought while playing on her own, her much-loved, spinet. Our illustration brings the pretty scene vividly before us.

The spinet has often been called by the older name of virginal. In fact, the virginal, spinet and harpsichord, although differing in shape, are essentially the same instrument. Unlike the pianoforte, in which the sound is produced by a hammer striking the strings, when the keys of the virginal, the spinet, or the harpsichord are pressed, the "jacks" (small pieces of wood armed at the upper ends with quills) are raised to the strings and act as plectra by impinging or twitching them. In the old drama there will be found frequent references to these jacks, more especially in connection with virginals. The harpsichord is a larger and more important instrument than the others—like a grand piano; the

virginal is like a square piano, and the spinet is usually of a three-sided form. There is considerable confusion in this matter, as will be seen by consulting any catalogue of old musical instruments. The late Mr. A. J. Hipkins, a high authority on this subject, in his finely-illustrated work on musical instruments (1888), points out that the glorious exhibit in the Victoria and Albert Museum usually described as Queen Elizabeth's virginal, and dated 1570, is really an Italian spinet. He writes of this: "I characterise the instrument a spinet because a true virginal is a parallelogram not a trapeze-shaped instrument." Plate XX. in this same book is styled a double spinet or virginal. This is beautifully decorated, and now belongs to Sir George Donaldson. The name virginal has been supposed by some misguided

etymologists to be derived from the Virgin Queen, she being attached to the instrument; but this is absurd, because her grandfather played on the virginal, and Henry VIII. devoted his nights and days to it, that is, such part of them as was not devoted to other less innocent occupations. Johnson supposes it obtained its name because it was chiefly played by young girls.

The spinet came into existence in the first half of the sixteenth century in Italy, and at first it was not much known out of that country. It is said to take its name from Spinetti (or Spinetus), a Venetian, and there seems to be some authority for this, although the scientific etymologist is inclined to derive it from the little quill, or *spina*. According to Clement Marot the instrument was in common use among the French ladies in the reign of Francis I. (1515-46). In the dedication of his version of the Psalms he tells the ladies that he hopes divine hymns will supersede love-songs:

Et vos doigts sur les
espinettes,
Pour dire saintes chan-
sonnettes.

Perhaps the most highly ornamented spinet in existence is an Italian instrument by Annibale dei Rossi of Milan, in the Victoria



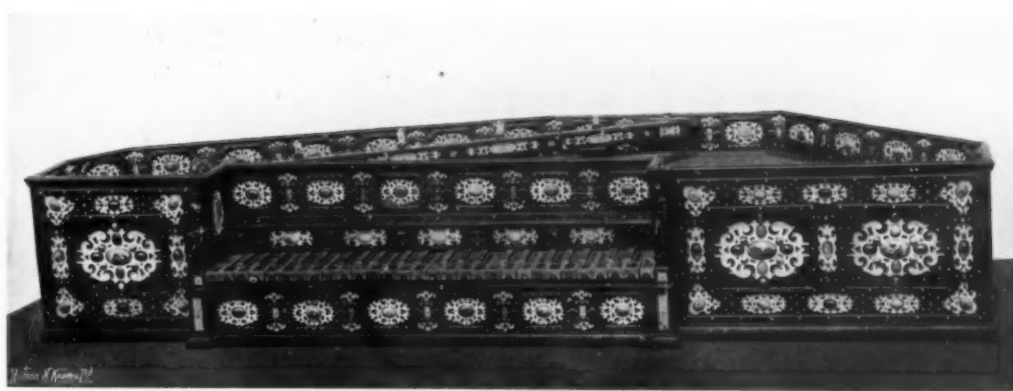
UPRIGHT SPINET, DONALDSON COLLECTION, CIRCA 1520.

Shown with painted cover fully opened.

and Albert Museum, which is dated 1577. It is made of wood and ivory studded with 1,928 decorative stones, 857 of these being turquoises. It was bought for the Museum at the Paris Exhibition of 1867 for £1,200. Our illustration gives a good general view of this most remarkable instrument. In a work entitled "La Nobilita de Milano" (1595) it is stated that Rossi was "the first to modernise clavichords into the shape we now see them."

The Italian name is *spinetta*. The French word *espinette* is forgotten in the later form *épinette*, although the English name was doubtless taken from the French word before the *s* (once sounded) was expunged. Pepys refers to the instrument both as spinet and *espinette*.

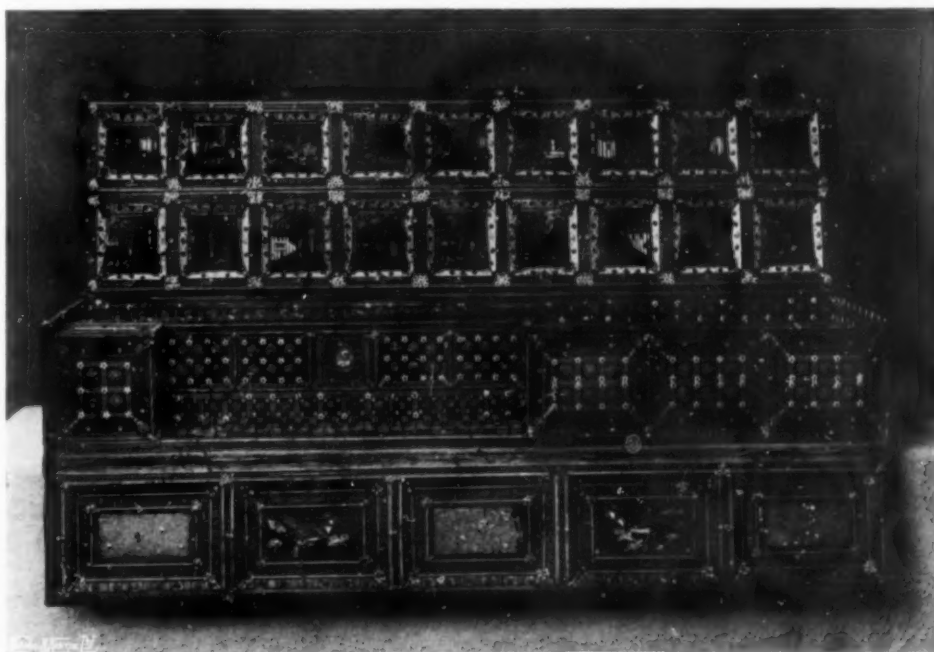
The origin of the instrument is of great interest. The first form was a monochord, consisting of a single string vibrating between bridges on a resonance box, which was struck by the finger or a plectrum or ivory staff. This served the purpose of a sort of tuning fork. From this was evolved the clavichord, by the addition of other strings, allowing one wire to each note. We have already seen that the evolution of this into the spinet was still called a clavichord in Italy. Mr. Hipkins gives in his book a picture of an instrument made in the early part of the sixteenth century called "clavicitherium," or upright spinet. Virdung, the earliest writer on musical instruments, uses this name in his work published in 1611. This upright spinet is a very remarkable instrument and one of the greatest interest not only on account of its form, but because it is probably the oldest spinet or keyboard stringed instrument in existence. It was formerly in the possession of Count Correi of Venice and is now the property of Sir George Donaldson. Sir George Donaldson's fine museum of musical instruments is exhibited in the room attached to the Royal College of Music at South Kensington. We are much indebted to him for his kindness in allowing this valuable instrument to



ITALIAN SPINET BY ANNIBALE DEI ROSSI, 1577.

be photographed. It has a painted pine case. The stand and painting on the door are of a later date than the instrument itself. The height is 4ft. 10in. and the extreme width 2ft. 3in. The keyboard is 2ft. wide. The jacks are furnished with little tongues of wire instead of quills or leather as in later spinets. It was realised that these modifications of the clavichord were to some extent an adaptation of the harp with the addition of a

keyboard, and the harpsichord was sometimes called the horizontal harp and the spinet the couched harp. The spinet came into general use about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was a rival of the lute on account of its lightness and portability. It could be taken off its stand (which was a distinct structure) and placed upon a table if required. Evelyn tells us that he found in his visit to Venice in 1645 that it was often used as an accompaniment to the singers in the gondolas. It could be carried about as easily as a lute or

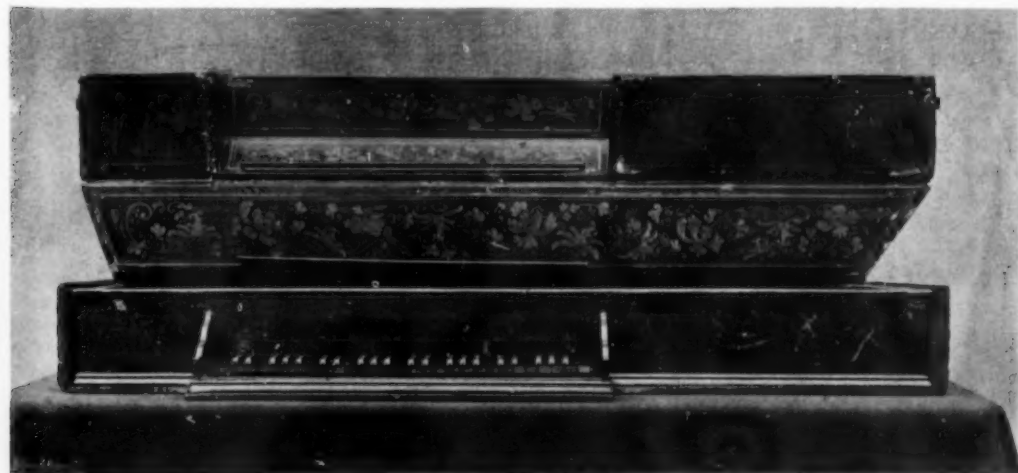


END OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

a viol, and this portability was the great cause of its popularity in the seventeenth century. It was always at hand for the singing in which ordinary people were ready to engage in all kinds of places. We must remember that our ancestors were essentially musical. Take, for instance, three representatives of totally different classes of men—Shakespeare, Milton and Pepys: they all bubble over with the love of music; and the first two, not contented with making ideal music in their own writings, showed their intense love for that produced by instruments, and, as Lorenzo says:

Let the sounds of music creep in
our ears.

Doubtless there were many spinets among the virginals which Pepys mentions as filling the boats on the Thames he saw at the time of the Great Fire, when the people of London rescued some of their belongings from the flames (September 2nd, 1666). If one may judge by the old instruments one hears, the sweet tinkling of the spinet was suited chiefly to accompany the voice. Lady Teazle complains of being "stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep." Squire Western was richer than



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VIRGINAL (ITALIAN SPINET), CIRCA 1570.

Lady Teazle's father, so when Sophia Western sent him to sleep with her rendering of Handel's works she required the fuller and richer harpsichord to do justice to the music. What a vivid picture of eighteenth century life Fielding here gives us:

It was Mr. Western's custom every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpsichord, for he was a great lover of music, and, perhaps, had he lived in town, might have passed for a connoisseur, for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr. Handel. He never relished any music but what was light and airy, and indeed his most favourite tunes were Old Sir Simon the King, St. George he was for England, Bobbing Joan and some others.

His daughter, though she was a perfect mistress of music, and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was so devoted to her father's pleasure that she learnt all those tunes to oblige him.

I have heard a master play Bach's sonatas on a fine harpsichord, and in this case preferred it to the medium of a grand piano; this, perhaps, was sentiment, but had the music been played on the spinet one feels that it would have left much to be desired. Swift wrote:

When miss delights in her spinnet
A fiddler may his fortune get.

We fear that it is as a piece of furniture rather than as a musical instrument we must admire the spinet now. The loving decoration of these old spinets is a marked feature in their distinguished beauty. The Venus and Cupid on an instrument in the Donaldson collection at Kensington, as seen in our illustration, is a little out of the common run. Our forbears hated to leave a vacant space unornamented if it could be used to edification. If they were not disposed to have a picture painted, they placed a well-arranged inscription to be read of all men. On Handel's harpsichord we read "Sic transit gloria Mundi," a not specially appropriate motto; but the other motto "Musica donum Dei" is good. The man who could afford a harpsichord doubtless bought one in preference to a spinet; but the extravagant Pepys bought harpsichord, virginals and spinets, besides lutes and viols and wind instruments. Charles Haward is usually supposed to have been the first important maker of spinets in England. Mr. Hipkins told the writer of this that when he wrote an article on



LATE SEVENTEENTH OR EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

the spinet in "Grove's Dictionary of Music" he could not find one of Haward's existing. Afterwards several came in his way for exhibition. Pepys patronised Haward, who lived in Aldgate, and on April 4th, 1668, he went there by coach and

Called upon one Hayward that makes virginals, and did there like of a little espinette, and will have him finish it for me; for I had a mind to a small harpsichon, but this takes up less room, and will do my business as to finding out of chords, and I am very well pleased that I have found it.

This cost him £5. Apparently it was not the first spinet Pepys possessed, for in 1663 there are frequent references to a "triangle" on which Ashwell the maid played very well, and this is supposed to be a spinet, and so called either from its three-sided form or the three legs of the stand. On April 1st he writes:

So I home, calling on the virginal maker, buying a rest for myself to tune my tryangle and taking one of his people along with me to put it in tune once more, by which I learned how to go about it myself for the time to come.

On July 1st we read:

Up and within all the morning, first bringing down my tryangle to my chamber below, having a new frame made proper for it to stand on.

John and Thomas Hitchcock were very famous spinet-makers who, to judge by the numbers marked on their instruments, must have been in a very large way of business. It is supposed that they were father and son; but this is not certain. The next great maker was Stephen Keene, who is supposed to have been in business in 1719. In an advertisement in Playford's Introduction (1671) we find:

Mr. Stephen Keene, maker of Harpsycons and Virginals dwelleth now in Threadneedle Street at the sign of the Virginal who maketh them exactly good, both for sound and substance.

John Playford (sen.) himself advertised in 1669:

If a person desires to be presented with good new Virginals and Harpsycons, if they send to Mr. Playford's shop they may be furnished at reasonable rates.

About this same time we come across the name of a spinet-maker as Joseph Mahoon. Other makers were Philip Jones (1671), Thomas Barton (1714), Baudin (1723) and Joseph Harris (1750). The last makers of spinets are said to have been Longman and Brodribb (1784). By this time the square piano had gradually superseded the spinet.

Dr. Rimbault says in his valuable work on the pianoforte (1860) that Queen Anne possessed a spinet by Haward, which she highly valued. She gave directions that it should be given to the master of the children of the Chapel Royal for the time being, and that it should regularly descend to his official successors. It successively belonged to Dr. Croft, Dr. Nares, Bernard Gates, Dr. Ayrton and Mr. Hawes, in whose house on the Adelphi Terrace it was last heard of. It is strange that an old instrument



A VENETIAN SPINET: DONALDSON COLLECTION.

like the spinet, so beautiful as a piece of furniture and so suggestive of the life of older generations, should not have been more eagerly sought for by collectors at an earlier time. Not only is the spinet of very great importance in the history of the piano, but it has an interest entirely its own. H. B. WHEATLEY.

THE COUNTRY PRACTITIONER.

LOOKING upon the medical world from the comfortable standpoint of the retired country medical practitioner I can see a long way off; I can call to mind the days when the "bolus" was a factor in medicine, and I have met colleagues in consultation who wore entire suits of black broadcloth and who took snuff; lovable old gentlemen now long in their graves. The medical brother who at present attends my family arrives on a motor-bicycle, the very sight of which would have shattered those antique practitioners' nerves; he wears tweeds under his motor overalls, looks exactly like an Army man when he takes off his goggles, and travels at the rate of forty miles an hour—though he only admits to thirty—between patient and patient. His radius of work, compared to my radius some years ago, is as three is to one, and in that fact alone lies a disturbing element that in these later days has entirely revolutionised country medical practice.

In the old days a man bought a practice, bought a horse, bought a buggy and settled down into his work secure from outside interference if his practice was a fairly unopposed one. The nearest country town to him was, say, ten miles away, the nearest opponent seven. He would start in the morning on his rounds in his buggy driven by his man; the man generally did the gardening work and looked after the surgery, and held obstreperous rustic while their teeth were being extracted, and, as a rule, knew as much about the patients—at least, their outsides—as his master. "T'oud Doctor" and his man and his horse and his trap were an entity in the eyes of the villagers, circulating slowly, stopping here and there, making long waits at cottage doors; freighted with medical advice, pills and conversation, the doctor's trap had a kindly charm about it, bringing not only help but interest to lives needing both.

There was no hurry in those days; with eight or ten people on one's visiting list of a summer afternoon, and no fear of an opponent, one had time to be the friend of one's patients. And what friends they were! Never mind how slowly they paid their bills, or how often they sent for one unnecessarily, between the doctor and his patients there was a bond of attachment that was very genuine: a family tie, a community of interest far stronger than that connecting a parson with his flock.

I declare, looking back on my life, the pleasantest pictures a man could wish to see lie in the long, unhurried summer afternoons of my work-a-day life amid the humble folk of the country. The old people who have passed from my hands, scarcely one can say dying, but just dropping off to sleep, worn out with age; the children, standing to watch the doctor put on his gloves before

mounting into his trap, who are now grown folk with children of their own; the little gardens filled with a wealth of cottage garden flowers—stocks, hollyhocks, daisies and peonies; the cottages with their thatched roofs and diamond-paned windows; the snort of the old horse calling to me when he considered I had been long enough over a patient; the long, dusty, endless drives along road and lane, past cottage and byre, through sleepy villages, and home through the lengthening shadows—all these things and people, and sights and sounds combine to make up recollections that I feel would not be mine had I passed amid them under the influence of petrol.

Consider now the condition, from a practical point of view, of a man who buys a country practice to-day, ten miles from a town and seven from his nearest opponent. In the old times the town doctor rarely came into the country beyond a radius of, say, five miles, simply because the journey took up too much of his time; but what are five miles to a motor-car or a motor-bicycle? In the old days an opponent rarely did one much harm if he were seven miles away. But what are seven miles to petrol? Nowadays a man thinks nothing of a twelve-mile visit, and the result is that his practice cuts into yours, and the only remedy possible is for you to cut into his. Buy a motor-car or a motor-bicycle and extend your radius.

I am not a grumbler at the new, though I may be a regretter of the old; I can recognise that speed in medicine may sometimes be as valuable as drugs, but I cannot refrain from pointing out the profound change which so simple a thing as a new means of conveyance has brought into medical practice, medical ethics and the life of the country doctor.

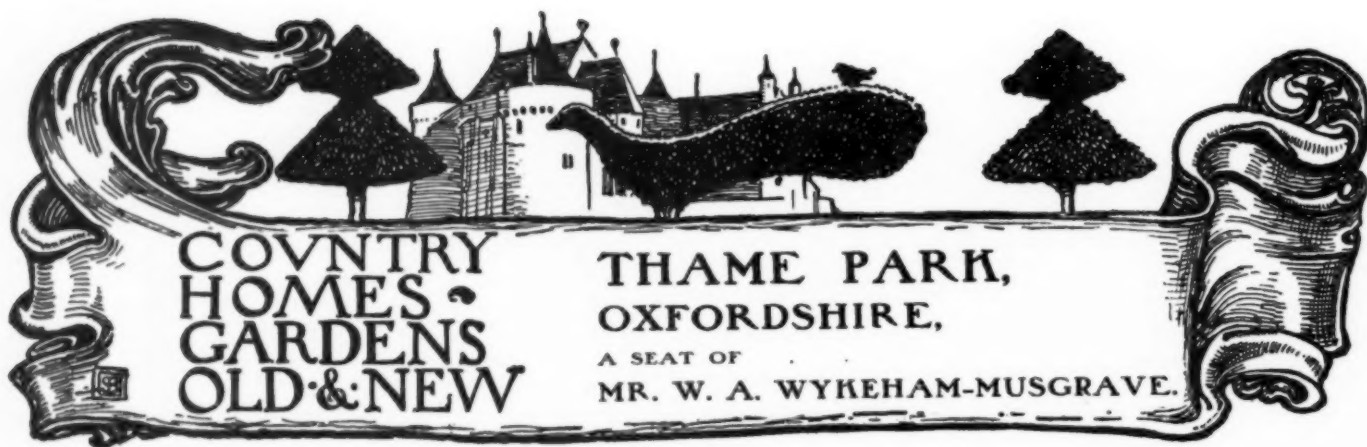
But it is not only in this particular that things have changed. The miracles that science has worked for humanity show up even clearer against the background of dog roses and green leaves and thatched cottages of the poor than against the background of the hospital ward. Where is typhus now? Hydrophobia has as entirely vanished as the megatherium, banished by the genius and common-sense of Mr. Long. Diphtheria, the slayer of little children, has been exorcised by the antitoxin syringe. "Inflammation of the bowels," that mysterious disease numbering its victims by the thousand, has become appendicitis. Smallpox is a name. Spinal meningitis, the most awful affliction of childhood, leaving its victims ruined mentally and bodily for life when not slain, has lost its terror

owing to the genius of Flexner. A man with a broken back, who was a dead man thirty years ago, has now a good chance of life, owing to the genius of Horsley.

And so the tale goes on away back from where in the past I can see the old country doctor pounding his carbonate of ammonia and spreading his blisters in his country surgery, with the roses growing over his porch, and the sundial on his lawn and its inscription veiled by Latin and lichen—"Time the eater of things." One can almost forgive the motor-car when one looks back and thinks of what science has done for medicine, and yet, looking back—well, the backward look, is it not the symbol of Regret? X.



"THE WARM HANDS OF A LITTLE MAID
FLOAT IDLY WHERE DEAD FINGERS PLAYED."



WITHIN the limits of native style, it is difficult to find examples of architectural contrast more complete than that presented by the south and the west façades of Thame Park. The south front is a most excellent and little altered specimen of the late phase of domestic Gothic and was built at the moment when Renaissance influence had reached our shores, but, except very occasionally and generally in matters of internal detail, had not pierced the conservative shield of the English builder of Henry VIII.'s time. The western front was built two centuries later, after many generations of English architects had steeped themselves in Italian forms and principles and the last trace of mediæval survival had vanished under the tyranny of triumphant classicalism. If there is some little incongruity at the point of junction, there is no real jar but much historic interest in this juxtaposition which tells such a tale of the continuity of English country life, of peaceful transference of English estates, of interest

in the past, joined to zest and creative energy in the present animating succeeding possessors. We seem already far back in our history when we stand at the foot of the fine stairway which leads up to the pedimented doorway of the Palladian front, for it was built in the early years of constitutional government and of the Hanoverian dynasty. But when we try and form some real conception of the state of society which prevailed when the south side arose we feel the effort too great, for its builder was an abbot who still owed spiritual allegiance to the Pope, though his lay Sovereign was a man who a few years later would hang him if he did not change his views, and who, through subservient parliaments and courts of justice, would, on trivial suspicion or from sudden dislike, remove the head and beggar the son of his greatest subject. Thus far do the existing buildings at Thame Park carry us back; but the oldest of them are recent in the history of the spot as a place of inhabitation, for we read that Oskytel, who had been

Bishop of Dorchester but was translated to York, died in A.D. 971 "in his mansion house at Thame." Thame is an Oxfordshire market town situated on the eastern bank of the river of that name, which there forms the boundary between the shires of Oxford and Buckingham and is on its way to join the Isis at Dorchester, now a quiet village, but of old the seat of the Mercian bishopric, removed to Lincoln by Remigius after the Norman Conquest. Thame remained a possession of the See and Thame Park was a house and demesne of its prelate till Bishop Alexander, known as the Magnificent, gave it as the site of an abbey. Alexander was a nephew of that splendid and militant Bishop Roger of Salisbury, who was one of the most noted castle builders and oppressors of the people in the disturbed days of King Stephen. The nephew followed close in his uncle's footsteps, was as ready as he for civil strife, as full of worldly pride, as fond of sumptuous display. But some time after he obtained the great Lincoln See a change came over him, and he turned his active mind and full purse to the founding of religious houses, "as many as formerly castles." It was the moment when the new order of the Cistercians had reached England and every religiously minded man was making its monks welcome. The mother house of Waverley was founded in 1128, and in the issue of July 3rd, we saw twelve of the brethren at the invitation of an Earl of Devon trying to establish themselves on an inhospitable flank of Dartmoor, but soon transferring themselves to the fertile lands of Forde. Much the same story may be told of Thame. One Sir Robert Gait had offered a home to a little colony from Waverley on his manor of Oddington. But the site where the monks were set down to plant their



Copyright. THE SIXTH VISCOUNT WENMAN'S BUILDING. 'COUNTRY LIFE.'



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE ABBOT'S LODGING.

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THE SOUTH ELEVATION.
Showing the junction of the Palladian with the Gothic.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

ABBOT KING'S PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

new habitation was on the edge of inhospitable Otmoor. It was low lying, liable to flood and unhealthy. Alexander, the bishop, heard of their sad plight and bestowed on them his park, which lay amid the rich meads south of his town of Thame. Here they began building operations on a noble scale, probably in 1139, and were sufficiently forward with the work to enable the abbey church of St. Mary to be consecrated six years later. Of this edifice, which was 240ft. in length, not one stone remains. Nor are there, as at Forde, any remnants of the domestic

were more and more leading a secular life as lords and landowners, and they housed themselves right well in the best manner of their age, as we know from the sparse and mutilated remnants that are left us, such as Prior Synger's house at Wenlock, Abbot Chard's work at Forde and the south front of Thame. It forms a long, low line of building, with a great stone-tiled roof rising above its bay windows and stair turret, which have embattled parapets and grotesque masques along their string-course. At the east end a square



Copyright. THE INTERIOR PORCH AND FIREPLACE OF ABBOT KING'S PARLOUR. "COUNTRY LIFE."

buildings used in common by the monks; there is no refectory and dormitory, no cloister and chapter-house, as at the more southern abbey. Yet at Thame Abbot Chard had his counterpart, if he worked in humbler style; and it is the abbot's lodging, built at no long date before the Dissolution, that forms the delightful south front of the present domicile. So that here again we are reminded of what a fine architectural sense was possessed by the heads of the great monastic establishments, and how splendidly they used that sense up to the very eve of the transference of their property to lay hands. They

tower juts out, the large size of which makes it look very low despite its three storeys, the upper two of which are lit towards the west by a bay resting on a boldly moulded corbel, above which, on the panel, are the Royal arms with a rose on each side. As Henry VII.'s marriage with Edward IV.'s daughter joined the Houses of Lancaster and York, the two roses may indicate that the tower dates from his reign. Such, however, is clearly not the case with the fittings of the room within it, as seen in the accompanying illustrations. The work is all in the Italian Renaissance manner

which obtained in England in Henry VIII.'s time, and as such remnants as are left of the Royal arms in one of the panels indicate the presence of the same two roses, it is safe to conclude that the whole tower was both built and fitted by Robert King, the last Abbot of Thame. He belonged to a local family who were endeavouring to rise in the world. His father was William King of Thame, yeoman, but his elder brother was of "Worminghall, County Bucks, gent.," and he married Anne Williams, whose brother became a peer and the owner of Thame Abbey. Robert King himself, taking his B.D. at Oxford in 1507, attracted the notice of Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, who appointed him his suffragan, obtaining for him the titular bishopric of Rheon *in partibus infidelium*. Longland was an active curber of the abuses which existed in many of the monastic houses in his diocese, and in that of Thame very particularly. He complained

Cistercian house of Bruern, near Banbury, were elected. Thus King came to rule the monks of Thame and leave his mark on the fabric which was only to be a monastery for a few years more. Panels, frieze and ceiling beams of the abbot's room all bear witness that he was their author. The panel next on the right beyond the porch doorway has lost its shield, but the remaining inscription shows it to have been that of Robertus Reoneusis, and the bishop's mitre is also there. In the frieze, and just over the bay window, a shield has on it a pastoral staff between the letters R.R., and the same letters appear in a little cartouche in the ceiling beam. We have already seen with what fine Renaissance panels in carved stone Abbot Chard adorned the exterior of Forde, and no doubt his interior woodwork was of the same character and high order. No trace of it remains, whereas Robert King's panelling, though mutilated, survives

as a rare and beautiful example of its age. It is more elaborate in design and finer in execution than the panelling of the same type, originally no doubt in Waltham Abbey, but now at the Victoria and Albert Museum, of which illustrations and a short notice follow this article. Unfortunately the Thame panelling does not equal that at the museum in condition. In the latter case the designs are part of the solid oak of the panels and are carved in low relief, but in the former case they are fretted out, delicately carved and highly modelled, and then appliqué on to plain panels. Such work would naturally need much care against decay and protection against ill-usage. That is precisely what it has not had, and therefore very much of it has been broken off or has rotted away. So little was it at one time prized that the faces in the roundels have been flattened, probably as projecting too much to allow of canvas or some other wall covering being nailed on in front. But there is enough left to show that it was produced by a hand guided by understanding, that had entered into the spirit and essence of Italian composition of amorini and arabesques, wreaths and busts, and did not make awkward copies and homely caricatures of them, such as we find in much of this work when done by the untrained English artisans of the time. Abbot King either found a very unusually deft native worker to do his carving, or he employed one of the numerous Italians who had been attracted over by Henry VIII. and his Cardinal Minister to assist in their great architectural undertakings.



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IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WING.

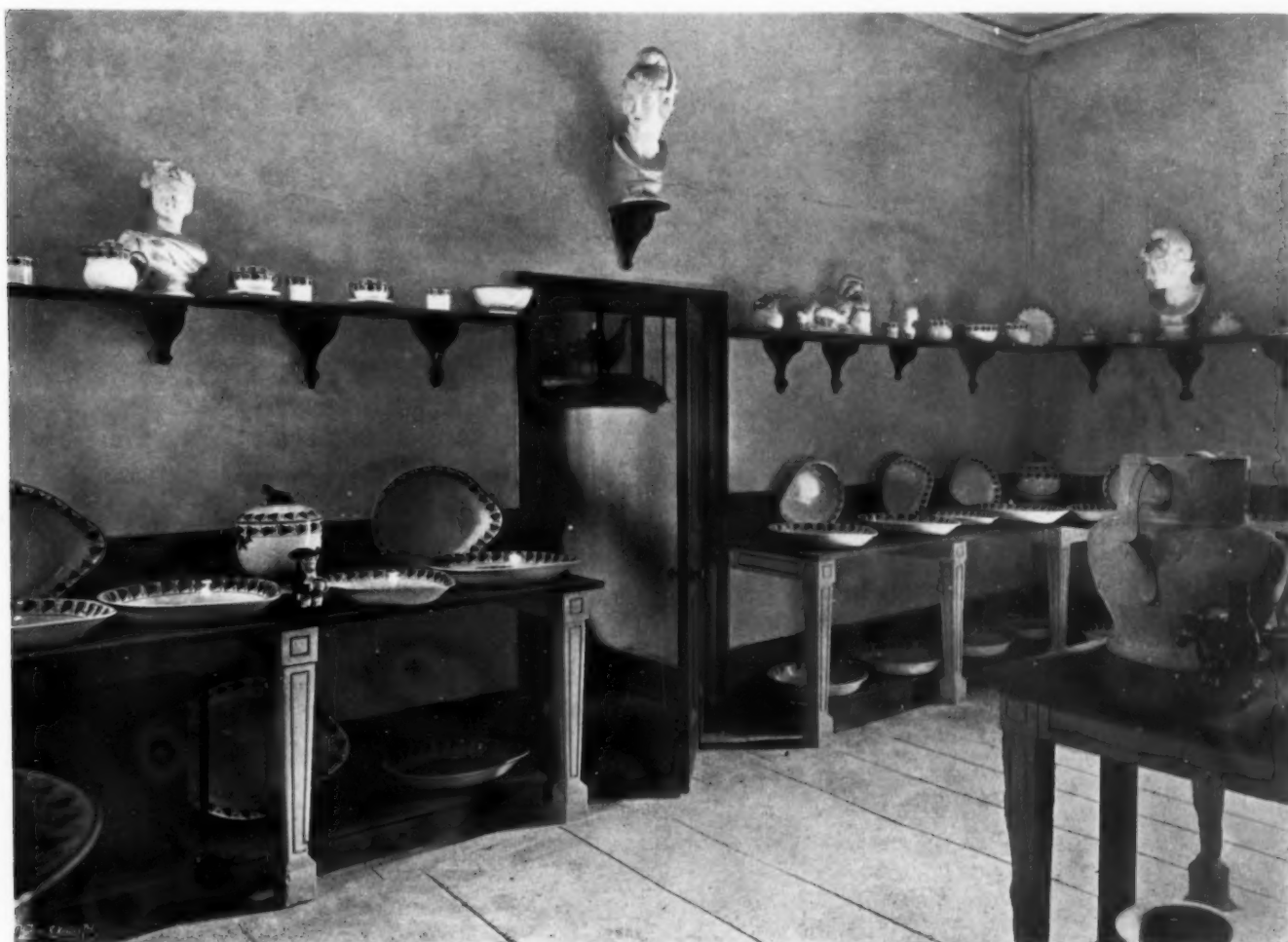
"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the Abbot of Waverley, to whom all the English Cistercians owed obedience, that the house at Thame was full of idle boys, that the buildings were in ruins and the debts great, but that Abbot Warren was living in expensive style. A visitation was held in 1525, but nothing was done. When Warren died four years later the debts were worse than ever, though the Abbey was well supplied with church plate and vestments, such as three large altar crosses, one being of gold and adorned with gems, nine silver-gilt chalices, three pastoral staves and thirty-eight complete sets of silken vestments. Nor was the refectory less well furnished with plate, for standing cups, bowls, dishes and other silver utensils for domestic use were numerous. Longland wrote to Wolsey acquainting him with the facts, insisting that, as there was no one in the monastery fit for the post, it was like to be undone unless Robert King, already abbot of the smaller

Robert King was certainly a capable administrator and, probably, an honest man. But he knew the value and developed the habit of that flexibility and adaptation to rapidly changing views and opinions which were necessary for success and even for survival under the Tudors. He accepted without hesitation the policy of the Royal supremacy and of the suppression of the monasteries. He was ready to work in Oxfordshire hand in hand with his sister-in-law's brother, John Williams, who was given a leading part in carrying out that policy. Younger son of a Sir John Williams, who married a Berkshire heiress and was Sheriff of Oxfordshire in 1502, he sought preferment at Court, and became, in 1530, Clerk of the King's Jewels, of which, among other offices, Thomas Cromwell was Keeper. This early connection with Thomas Cromwell makes it probable that John Williams was a relation of that Morgan Williams

from Glamorganshire who married Thomas Cromwell's sister, and whose son took the name of Cromwell and was the progenitor of Protector Oliver. In any case, John Williams was early chosen as a leading instrument in carrying out the special work which Thomas Cromwell, as Vicar-General, had in hand. In 1535 he was a visitor of monasteries, the Oxfordshire group being only part of those which came under his purview, for we saw him, in our survey of Forde, in company with Richard Pollard "making an end" of the Winchester shrine. He got on rapidly, Rycote near Thame and Wytham near Oxford being among the lay estates which he obtained by grant or purchase. With the dissolution of the monasteries, church lands were added to these, for, as Treasurer of the Court of Augmentations, which was erected to manage these new Crown properties, he could easily arrange to obtain of the best at the cheapest rate. When he died, he was found to have been seized of twenty-five manors besides that of Thame, with its town and lordship. The grammar school, which still exhibits his arms and the style of architecture of his day, was his mode of making some public amends for the harm which followed the passing of the monastic revenues into private hands. The Thame school

the goynge forth of the sowldyers in the behalf of or Sowaryne lady Quene Marye." So Sir John became Lord Williams and continued to thrive mightily. After Bishop King, sitting as one of the judges, had concurred in the condemnation of Cranmer, it fell to the lot of Lord Williams, as Sheriff of Oxfordshire, to superintend his execution and to exclaim, "Make short, make short" when he attempted to defend his doctrines at the stake. The death of Bishop King in 1557 prevented the necessity of any further adaptations of opinion on his part; but Lord Williams had made ready for the events of the following year. He had rebuilt Rycote in a splendid manner, and here the Princess Elizabeth was put under his charge in 1554 after her liberation from the Tower. Though practically her gaoler, his courtesy towards her made him her friend, and at her accession he was given the commanding position of President of Wales. He kept his court at Ludlow Castle for a short time only, for there he died in the autumn of 1559, and his body was brought to Thame for an elaborate funeral, the ceremonial of which was conducted by the heralds in person. He was buried in the chancel, and over his body arose the great marble altar-tomb, whereon he and his first wife lie in effigy and of which an illustration is given.



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OLD WEDGWOOD WARE IN THE DAIRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

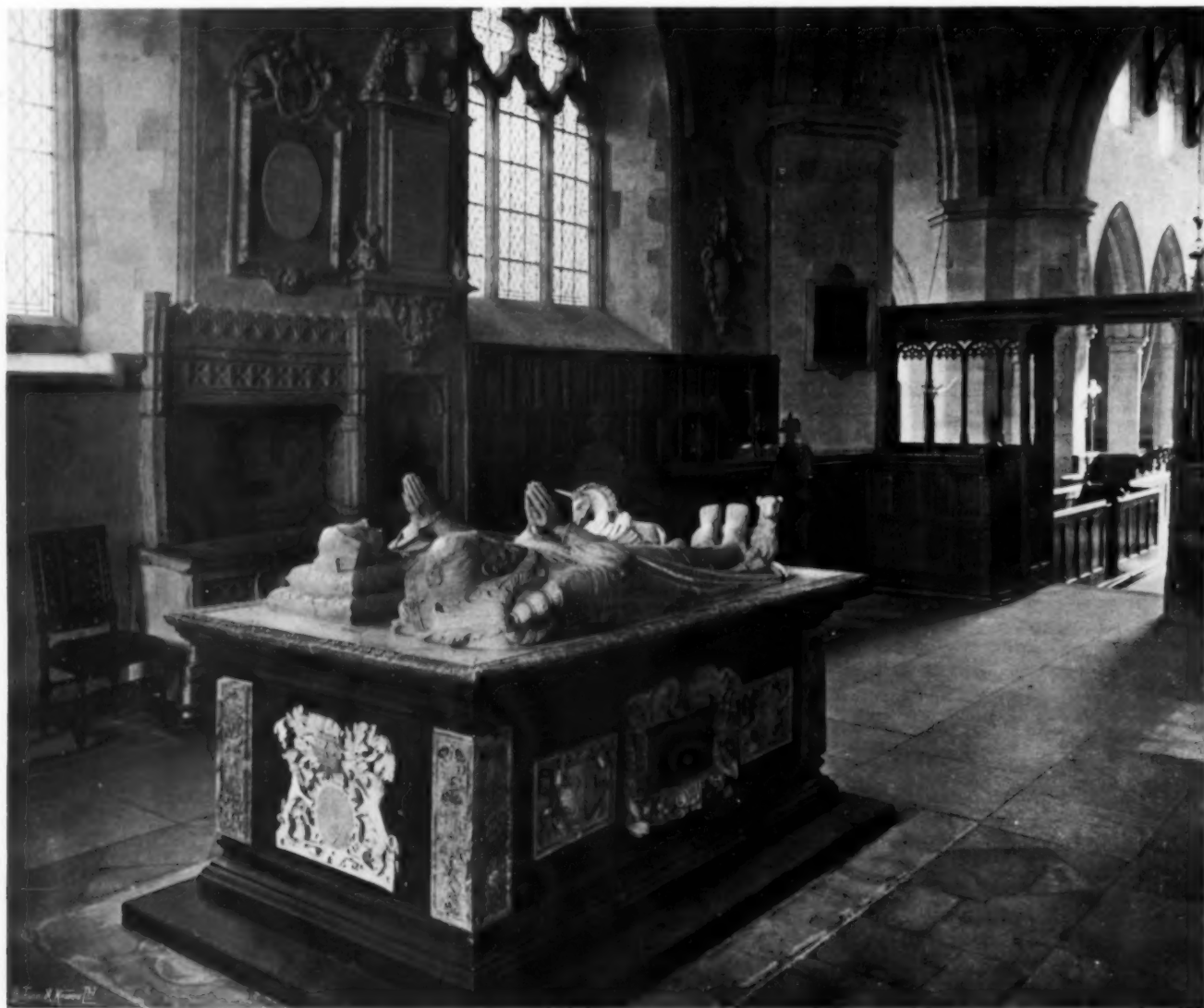
was well endowed by him, and John Hampden was one of hundreds of the sons of the chief families of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire who there obtained their education in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The work of obtaining the surrender of the Oxfordshire houses of religion went on smoothly. At Studley, Williams's own relative was prioress and made no demur. Robert King, who had held Osney as well as Thame since 1537, surrendered them as their abbot, but became their bishop. This was but a temporary arrangement, and in 1545 the new See was finally fixed at Oxford, and he was the first to fill it. Such profitable acceptance of the new régime was well enough under Henry and his still more reforming son; but how would it fare with such men as Williams and King when his Catholic daughter came to the throne? This peril they foresaw and they trimmed their sails to avoid it. They had not concurred in the extreme measures of Somerset and Northumberland, and Williams was in some disgrace—indeed, he was in the Fleet Prison awhile—in their moment of power. The new owner of Thame was the first on Edward's death to proclaim his elder sister in Oxfordshire, and in the churchwarden's accounts for 1552 is an item of ten pounds "for

None of his three sons survived to enter on his great inheritance of lands and honours. The latter became extinct; the former were divided between his two daughters. The younger one carried Rycote and Wytham to her husband, Sir Henry Norreys. He became Barron Norreys of Rycote, a title that descended through heiresses to a cadet of the Berties, who inherited the estates and was created Earl of Abingdon. Thame Park was a part of the estates which fell to the share of Lord Williams's elder daughter, Isabella, wife to Richard Wenman of Caswell. Henry the Wainman of Blewbury in Berkshire had a son Richard who made a fortune as a clothier at Witney, built Caswell House to the west of the town and in 1500 was buried in the church, where a brass once bade the reader "Off yr Charitie pray for the soules of Richard Wainman, Anne and Christian his wyves." His son and grandson carried on the Witney clothier trade and were merchants of the Staple of Calais; but whereas the son is still a yeoman, the grandson becomes a knight and is a man of wealth and influence, although he "suffered in his goods by the loss of Calais" in Mary's reign. He was the father of Richard Wenman who obtained Thame in right of his wife in 1559. Their grandson, Sir Richard, was in the Cadiz Expedition of

1596 and was there knighted by Essex. Twenty years later he was created Viscount Wenman in the peerage of Ireland, before which time he had got into some trouble owing to his wife. Another successful Witney clothier had married the widow of the builder of Caswell House, and from this match had sprung the Fernors of Easton Neston, of which family Sir Richard's first wife was one. She was related to the Vauxes of Harrowden and the Treshams of Rushton, great favourers of the older faith and men whose houses were often the secret refuge of Jesuit fathers such as John Gerard. It is said that, under the Wenmans' roof, Gerard, disguised as a layman, had met and discussed matters of religion with Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Certainly, at the time of the Gunpowder Plot, in which the Treshams were deeply implicated, the Wenmans were under suspicion. Both were arrested and examined, and the lady suffered a short imprisonment. Their son, the second Lord Wenman, fell on still more evil times, wherein he found that a middle course is often a difficult one to

illustrated, was built. Born in 1719, Philip Lord Wenman took a D.C.L. degree at Oxford in 1741, and soon after was returned to Parliament as Member for Oxford City. About 1745 he pulled down portions of the old abbey buildings which had become ruinous, and set up in their place his classic additions. "Mr. Smith, an architect of Coventry," is said to have designed them. The name of Smith is connected with much fine architectural work in the first half of the eighteenth century, but very little is known of the man or men so named. Smith "of Warwick" is connected with that town and with Stoneleigh and Umberslade near it. Probably the same Smith built Wingerworth and Sutton Scarsdale in Derbyshire. But the name appears frequently in Oxfordshire. There was a Smith connected with Gibbs in the building of Ditchley and of the Radcliffe Library. Smith again is the architect who began Kirtlington and built Edgcote, which is just over the Northamptonshire border. The date of the latter is much the same as that of the west front of Thame, and the same system of



Copyright. *TOMB OF LORD WILLIAMS AND HIS FIRST WIFE IN THE CHANCEL OF THAME CHURCH. "C.L."*

follow when it lies between opposing ranks of extremists. In 1640 he succeeded his father and was returned to the Long Parliament. Related by marriage to the Hampdens, he showed just enough opposition to the Royalist cause to have his house at Thame besieged and his estate seized by the Cavaliers during the years that Charles held the upper hand in Oxfordshire, and the Parliament allowed him £4 a week to live on. But his wish was to be a mediator. He appears as a Commissioner for all peace negotiations, and being still in favour of peace after the army declared against it and "purged" the House of Commons in 1648, he was secluded and imprisoned. On his release he retired to Thame, and there awaited the turn of affairs which enabled him to forward the Restoration as Member for Oxfordshire in the Convention Parliament. His daughter married her cousin, Sir Francis Wenman of Caswell, and their son eventually succeeded a great-uncle in possession of Thame and also, by special letters patent, in the viscounty. There is little evidence at Thame Park of any considerable architectural alterations taking place during all this time, and it is not till the advent of the sixth Viscount that the Palladian west front, here

bringing forward the great stairway to the main entrance so as not to block the basement windows is noticeable in both houses. The contrast between the Gothic and the Palladian fronts of Thame Park is somewhat great and startling, but each can be seen in turn and both are good of their kind, though, of course, the interest concentrates upon the older style because of its rarity. There is much decorative finish in the rooms added by the sixth Viscount. They are, as the illustration of one of them shows, in the style that remembered the work of Grinling Gibbons, and yet was largely influenced by the French manner of the reign of Louis XV. But it is very English and just a little clumsy. The sixth Viscount Wenman was the last to have issue. Of his two sons, the younger was the more distinguished, being appointed to the Oxford Chair of Civil Law in 1784. He seems, in his zeal, to have attempted the then unusual practice of giving lectures, but we learn that "he desisted for want of an audience." His next venture was still more disastrous. He earned a reputation as a naturalist, but while botanising on Cherwell's bank near Water Eaton he fell in and was drowned. Neither he, nor his elder brother, the seventh

Viscount, who died in 1800, left issue. The title became extinct, but the estates went to their nephew. The Wykehams are a very old Oxfordshire family, claiming to hold lands at Swalcliffe, near Banbury, in direct male descent from the Domesday tenant. William Humphrey Wykeham became the husband of Sophia Wenman in 1768. Of their two sons, the younger was seated at Tythrop House, near Thame but in Buckinghamshire, and from him is descended the present owner of Thame Park. But that estate, on the death of the last of the Wenmans, went to the elder of the Wykehams, who, on his death six months after he

inherited, left a daughter who held the estate for seventy years. She was a notable dame during a large part of the nineteenth century, William IV., with whom she was long intimately acquainted, having created her a Baroness in 1834. She never married, and at her death in 1870 her cousin Herbert came into possession of Thame Park. In 1879 he was succeeded by his brother Aubrey, who, on the death of his wife's brother, Sir Augustus Musgrave, had inherited Barnsley Park in Gloucestershire. To his son, Wenman Aubrey Wykeham-Musgrave, both Thame and Barnsley now belong. T.

TUDOR PANELS FROM WALTHAM.

WALTHAM ABBEY in Essex was among the greatest of our monastic houses, but is one of which there are the least remains. Part of the noble Norman minster, indeed, here, as at Malmesbury, was saved by becoming a parish church, but of the conventual building all that the local historian

can say is that "hardly a vestige exists besides an entrance gateway and the curious beautifully vaulted chamber now mis-used as a potato-house." The panels now in the Victoria and Albert Museum show us, however, that here, as in so many other cases, the last abbots were in the forefront of the building operations of their time, and introduced freely the new decorative forms brought over by the Italians. While the Waltham panels betray a good understanding of these forms on the part of the craftsman who executed them, they have not the finished technique then common in Italy, and are probably by a native hand who had had some training under the foreigners. This, however, applies to the general run of long narrow panels, of which half-a-dozen are illustrated. The set of three small panels also illustrated exhibits a much more finished technique. There is a delicate modelling of the heads, of the fruit wreaths and of the dolphins, and a clean, sure touch, which are wanting in English work of the time, and of which the presence assuredly indicates the Southern artist's chisel.

The panelling was bought by the museum authorities some ten years ago out of an old house at Waltham, but there seems no doubt whatever that it came originally out of the Abbey, and probably was part of the decorations introduced by Robert Fuller, the last abbot, into his lodgings—a very sumptuous edifice assuredly. He became abbot of this wealthy foundation in 1526, and as he was also prior of the rich house of St. Bartholomew's Smithfield, he was not likely to allow himself to be outdone, in the matter of his environment, by the heads of less important monasteries, whose fine work at Forde and at Thame we have so recently considered. Badges of Henry VIII. and of Catherine—the Tudor rose, the Beaufort portcullis and the Arragon pomegranate—frequently occur to prove that the panelling dates somewhere between their marriage in 1509 and their divorce in 1533. The shield of arms, unfortunately, does not help us, as neither

Mr. I. C. Gould in the "Essex Review" nor the museum authorities have been able to identify them in the absence of tinctures, for a chevron between three estoiles and a lion rampant with a bend over were of frequent occurrence. The badges, however, date the panels before the Dissolution, when the site of the Abbey was granted to Sir Anthony Denny

on a lease, which his widow afterwards, by a payment, changed to the fee simple. Their grandson, Edward, made himself a home here. Thomas Fuller, so well known through his church history and his "Worthies," was at one time curate of Waltham, and, writing on the subject of the Abbey, he quotes from Master Thomas Smith as follows:

"It so fell out that I served Sir Edward Denny (towards the latter end of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory) who lived in the Abbey of Waltham Crosse in the County of Essex, which at that time lay in ruinous heaps and then Sir Edward began slowly now and then to make even and re-edify some of this chaos." This would imply that he adapted the ancient buildings, whereas a print of the house as it was early in the eighteenth century would make one think that he must have built an entirely new one on the H plan fashionable in Elizabeth's time. The print occurs in "The History of the ancient Town and once Famous Abbey of Waltham," by



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WELL-CARVED ROUNDELS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE BEAUFORT PORTCULLIS: THE TUDOR ROSE: THE UNKNOWN SHIELD.

J. Farmer, gent., published in 1735. There we read that "This Abbey is a curious large antique Structure. It hath two wings on each Side of the Front; the whole Front being lately rebuilt with large Stone after a modern more exact and beautiful Form." The result, as shown in the print, was to give it much the appearance still presented by Hill Hall in the same county, an Elizabethan house partly re-fronted in Palladian style. But whether Sir Edward adapted or built anew, the panels were certainly in his house, and there they remained until it was

a direct lyne 230 perches; being a very speciall ornament to the whole house." Much more might be quoted about the mansion, but we will only mention here "one staire and case, called the clock staires, of sixty-five steps in assent, well lighted; the top whereof is a round turret covered with blue slate, wherein hangs a bell of a good proportion; below which is a clock, very usefull for the whole house. In the staircase in the first assent is placed one very large cistern of lead that serves the whole house and garden with water."

No doubt the handsome fountain, which stood in the "orange garden," was connected with it. "It was made of whyte marble, with pipes of lead, and cockes thereto belonging. Round the fountaine were foure knottes fitted for the groweth of choyse flowers, bordered with box in the poynts, angles, squares, and roundles, handsomely turfed in the intervalls, or little walkes thereof. This orange garden was severed from the pheasant garden with high brick walls; one of the allyes, all of which were paved with peble stone, led to a garden, or shadow, house, handsomely benched. And here was the orange house with a litle walke, 4ft. wide by 79ft. long, in front of it. It contained forty-two orange trees in boxes, bearing fayre and large oringes; each box with its earth, and materials feeding the tree, was valued at £10. A lemmon tree bearing lemmons was valued at £20, but one pomcitron and six pomgranats trees, bearing fair and large fruits, were only put at £3 each.

Adjoining the orangery was the greate garden which had a tarras all down the centre dividing it into different levels, with an assent of ten steps, being well ordered, 25ft. broad and 170yds. long. The knottes here were compassed about on three sides with very handsome rayles, piked with spiked postes in every corner and angle, all of wood varnished with whyte, and inside the rayles grow divers cypress trees in very decent order, and choyse and pleasant flowers; and there were two stone statues of good ornament. Here was another marble fountain shadowed with cherrie trees, and on the lower level were foure grass plotts with one handsome grass plott in the middle thereof, with well-ordered thorne hedges, well planted with many cherrie trees; also a door leading into the hartichoke garden."

Many other smaller gardens are minutely described, and one of the courts served as "a byrdcage, having three open turrets verie well wrought for the sitting and perching of byrds, with a fountain making a pleasant noyse, and all covered with iron wyres; this byrdcage is a great ornament both to the house and garden." Besides all this there was a banquetting-house, mostly of wood, varnished with green within and wit'out, benched in the angles, and having sixteen windows; it was paved with painted tile in the angles and stone in the middle and "one waynscot chair." At the end of "the turf tarras in front was a summer-house, from which a door opened to the churchyard and into an allye leading to the church door, planted on either side with sicamore trees. On the other side of the tarras was planted one great maze and one wilderness, the former cut into severall meanders, circles, wyndings and intricat turnings."

There was yet another garden of great importance called "the vyneyard," surrounded with a wall 10ft. high—and no wonder, as just outside was a coney warren. "It contained ten acres or more, and was divided into twelve severall triangles, in which were growing 507 fruit trees of divers kyndes of fruites, pleasant and profitable; also 144 lyme trees in regular form in the insides of the triangles, sixteen quince trees, thirty-eight of peares and cherries. On the walls were 254 fruit trees, as apricocks, peaches, peareplums, May cherries, boone chrytians and divers others. Also neate and handsome borders of coran trees, respases, strawberrie beds, rootes, flowers, and herbes, all very well ordered." In the kitchen garden list is included "one very fayer tree called the Irish arbutis, very lovely to look upon and worth 30s., besides greate and large borders of rosemary, rue and whyte lavender and a musk milion ground, trenched, manured and well ordered for the growth of musmilions." In another part



Copyright. A ROMAN SOLDIER & THE BADGES OF BEAUFORT & ARRAGON. C.L.

pulled down thirty-five years after its "more exact and beautiful form" had been given to it. Then, over 100 of the Henry VIII. panels were bought from it and placed in the old house in the town, whence, after 130 years, they have found their way to the museum.

T.

WYMBLEDON MANOR

GARDENS command so much attention nowadays, and add so much to the pleasure and beauty of life, that a retrospection as to the position they occupied in the days of our remote ancestors may not be a fruitless research. Fruitless the gardens themselves were not, to judge by the quantities of "boone crityans, duke cherries," etc., with which they were stocked, to say nothing of "hartichokes." Wymbleton Manor, some 260 years ago, was the place where Queen Henrietta Maria carried out her horticultural experiments, and many of the plants were obtained by her from France, as the following letter shows. It is addressed to her mother, Marie de Medici, then Queen-Mother of France:

MADAME MA MERE.—In sending this man into France for some fruit-trees and flowers, I supplicate most humbly that your Majesty will aid his undertaking as much as is in your power, that he may not suffer wrong or hindrance, for it will be to my honor.—HENRIETTE MARIE.

On the death of Charles I. a careful valuation was made of all the Royal domains, and from it we gather that this "capitall messuage" must have been a handsome house with a grand garden. It had many rooms, paved usually with black and white marble, a gallery 62ft. long by 10ft. wide, handsomely lighted, "and seeled upon the walls, whereon are writt many compendious sentences; in the one end thereof is a close waynscot case for a bed, well wrought and garnished; at the other a balcony, looking into the woodyard. There were many other rooms on the same floor, including an upper sweetmeat-room and a linnen-room, both floored with deale; some were varnished and gault, with stars and cross pates of gould, and one had a litle window to look into the greate kitchen. There were two faire and very large paire of staires, topped with turrets of greate height, covered with blue slate; on the midle pinacles whereof stand two faire gilded wethercockes perspicuous to the countrey round about." They must have looked well from Putney Common, to which an avenue led, planted on each side with elms and other trees "in very decent order, extending itselfe in

one "fayer boone crityan tree" and one "pipin" are valued together at £2 13s. 4d. This must indeed have been a garden of delights, and the poor Queen must have sighed sadly over its memories when, in exile at St. Germain, the

wars of the Fronde reduced her to such straits that she had not "one faggot left to make her warm." Certainly the proud daughter of Henry IV. experienced all the vicissitudes of life.

THEODORA GUEST.

IN THE GARDEN.

SUMMER FLOWERS AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

NEVER in the history of British horticulture has there been such a magnificent and comprehensive display of choice flowers as that seen in the beautiful grounds of Holland House, Kensington, on July 6th and 7th, when the Royal Horticultural Society was enabled to hold its summer show there through the kindness of Lady Ilchester. Those who are not conversant with the enormous strides that horticulture is making year by year should visit this annual exhibition and there note the highly-artistic arrangement of the many floral groups and the high quality of the flowers used in their formation.

One of the most beautiful and cleverly designed exhibits in the show was that from Messrs. R. Wallace and Co. of Colchester. This took the form of a straight and formal raised herbaceous border with a broad flag-stone path running along the entire front, a low retaining wall built of stone supporting the outer edge of this path. From the crevices of and surmounting this wall choice rock and alpine plants in flower were growing, a narrow, damp border at the foot of the wall being planted with a selection of the choicest hardy Ferns. Stone steps at one end led up to the stone-covered path, and when the opposite end was reached another set of stone steps led visitors to a splendidly-designed water garden, the pools there being filled with Water-lilies and other rare aquatic plants. Unfortunately, only a small portion of this water garden is shown in the illustration, but the latter gives a good idea of the herbaceous border and plant-bedecked wall, and it is hard indeed to realise that the group is staged in a tent. Another superb water and rock garden was arranged by Mr. Amos Perry, the many beautiful Ferns used providing a splendid object-lesson in the value of these plants for outdoor gardens. An Old English

garden arranged outdoors by Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons of Crawley was also most cleverly carried out. A formal herbaceous border made a good background to this exhibit, a rustic pergola clothed with choice climbing plants running along the front. From the entrance a paved pathway led up to a stone square, on either side of which were square beds filled with Violas, a clipped Box tree being placed in the centre of each. As an illustration of old-time English gardening this group was most interesting and instructive.

Roses are always abundantly displayed at this great show, and experts in the Queen of Flowers expect something new, and rarely are they disappointed. This year there were some really good novelties, several of which came from Messrs. A. Dickson and Sons of Ireland. Foremost among these was Duchess of Wellington, a beautiful flower of copper and saffron yellow colour, the large and well-shaped blooms possessing great substance. Walter Speed was another new Rose that attracted visitors; it is an exquisite flower of pale lemon yellow colour, the edges of the petals recurving in a most pleasing manner. Grace Molyneux is a new Rose the colour of which is difficult to describe; perhaps we should say it is a mixture of cream, apricot and pale flesh tint, this, however, doing the flower but scant justice. Jessie is a charming little new Polyantha Rose of scarlet-crimson hue, and will undoubtedly prove of great value for massing in beds. Apparently it is continuous flowering, and the plants appear to possess great vigour. This was in Messrs. Merryweather and Sons' group. There were many other good new Roses exhibited, but those named appeared to be most appreciated by visitors and experts.

Although some magnificent groups of Orchids were shown, really good new varieties were scarce, three only receiving awards, two of these being shown by Messrs. Sander and Son, whose group was a very pretty one indeed.



HERBACEOUS BORDER AND WALL GARDEN EXHIBITED AT THE HOLLAND PARK SHOW.

Sweet Peas were more numerous than usual, and several good new varieties received recognition from the society as being of more than ordinary merit. Masterpiece is a beautiful, large mauve flower that is sure to be in great demand; Colleen reminds one of bright-coloured Apple blossoms, the rose and white colours of the flowers being well blended; Mrs. Townsend is a variety of rather unique colouring; the lower portion of the petals is pure white, the outer parts being edged with lilac. Doris Usher is a very rich pink variety, with erect flowers of

exceptional size. A rich canary yellow variety was at the show but was seen by only a few experts, among whom it created quite a sensation.

A new Primrose from Yunnan received a first-class certificate and is one of the most distinct and remarkable looking members of this large family, the erect spike of flowers reminding one more of a British Orchid than a Primula; it is named *P. littoniana* and is said to be quite hardy in this country, where it will undoubtedly be much sought after. F. W. H.

BOAT-SAILING IN ENGLISH WATERS.

FOR reasons that will be obvious to all boating-men it is not proposed to deal within the limits of a short article with the various types of sailing-boat that are in use on the coasts and rivers of the United Kingdom. Such a task would fill a volume, and there is probably no man living (or even dead) competent to produce such a work. The practical experience of the most ardent boat-sailer is necessarily limited by the number of types which he has actually sailed, while theoretical disquisitions are of little or no value. The present writer, in the course of some fifteen years' service in the Navy, sailed, like most naval officers, a great number of Service boats, ranging from gigs to pinnaces, from dinghies to dipping-lug cutters. The handling of these keelless boats is an art or craft of considerable complexity which scarcely



AT THE WHEEL.

or centre-board; and, further, that the civilian who voluntarily dispenses with these appendages will live to regret his outlay—unless, indeed, he perishes while gaining experience.

My theme is boat-sailing; but it is difficult to distinguish between the sailing-boat and the small yacht. Here we may cull the definition of that eminent authority, Mr. Dixon Kemp, who defines a boat as "a vessel not wholly decked and that can be rowed." In the writer's humble opinion, however, the propulsion of a sailing-boat by the use of oars does not add to the joy of life. He ventures to consider that a sailing-boat should always sail, and that the rowing-boat is neither satisfactory nor safe under canvas. This opinion is founded upon bitter experience

of the misery and fatigue of handling the combination types, both on the Lower Thames and in the vicinity of Plymouth Sound. The theory is, of course, that you can pull up your centre-board, get out the oars and row quietly to moorings when the wind fails. I can only say that I have tried it and always found the task exhausting, trying to the temper and not infrequently dangerous. But there are plenty of the combined types of boat to be sold cheaply to those who like them.



HOISTING THE TOPSAIL.

concerns at all the civilian boat-sailer or yachtsman; but I should like to observe here that naval officers are often more skilful boat-sailors than is generally supposed, because they have to learn to manage boats ill adapted for sailing. One might relate scores of tales illustrating the humour and pathos of naval boat work; but these would be beyond the scope of my little paper. From my naval experiences, however, I venture to deduce the moral that every sailing-boat needs a leaded keel



BEFORE THE WIND.

In buying a sailing-boat, the most essential thing is to decide very definitely whether your aim is speed or comfort. If you require high speed in a small or moderate sized boat, you must be willing to run the risk of being capsized and, perhaps, drowned into the bargain. The average Englishman, especially in youth, takes these two risks very cheerfully, and goes in for a fast boat.

One would not wish to discourage him, and there can be no doubt that high speed under sail is exhilarating and delightful, the risks notwithstanding. On the other hand, if you desire safety and comfort in a small sailing-boat, you must sacrifice high speed and be content to jog along at quite a moderate pace. The choice is purely a matter of taste, but as boating-men approach middle age they commonly prefer comfort to high speed, and lay considerable stress upon safety. I have observed, too, that the taste for sailing in small boats declines as a man advances in years. At twenty, any crank centre-board gig is a thing of joy; but at forty, one prefers a ten-ton yacht, and at sixty a mail steamer. Large or small, the type of boat should vary according to the locality in which you design to



BOOMING OUT THE FORESAIL.

sail. The fast centre-board canoe is very well for river work, or even for the Solent during August; but for the Lower Thames, the Mersey, or coast work, nearly all types of fast small boats are simply dangerous. That considerable skill is needed to sail a light boat on any river may be admitted, but the man who confines himself to up-river sailing misses all the joys of cruising. In a 15ft. or 20ft. boat of very small draught it is possible to cruise with great enjoyment, at any rate during the summer months, on many parts of the coast; but unless a man be highly skilled he should not attempt coasting trips, but confine his excursions to rivers and harbours. The writer has often tried to sleep in small boats, but cannot recommend the experiment. It is always more comfortable to seek the nearest hotel, however humble and unclean; for the fact is that little sound sleep can be secured in a sailing-boat except under exceptional conditions of wind and weather. Some men carry in their boats bulky and complicated shelters, which they laboriously rig up at sundown. They closely resemble those unsanitary cask-like tents in which some gipsies sleep. It takes an



HEELING TO THE BREEZE.

hour to rig them up, and they are liable to collapse in a moderate wind. When still new they do sometimes keep rain out, but after a few months' wear they usually leak like sieves. All such make-shift cabins are abominations, besides taking up valuable space in small boats.

After the age of twenty, few men will voluntarily sail a boat in rainy weather; they will, whenever possible, run for the nearest hotel. To don a mackintosh is nearly always an act of folly, for every small boat is liable to be capsized in a squall. But one does not do it, of course, so it is useless to dwell upon the risk. A golden rule which most boating-men soon learn is never, in any circumstances, to be persuaded to take a woman out sailing. In a small boat every woman, however charming and courageous, is a nuisance and a danger; woman needs a fifty-ton yacht. In a one-rater, accompanied by a man friend and his young wife, the writer once voyaged from Erith to Sheerness. The lady wrecked our enjoyment and nearly wrecked the boat. But with one other man to bear you company, what can be more enjoyable, given fine weather, than a cruise in a one-rater? The type is a matter of taste; but one of the best one-rater types is, perhaps, the Redwing class, designed by a well known builder of Gosport. Visitors to the Isle of Wight will be familiar with the pleasing appearance of these small craft, conspicuous by their red sails and usually to be seen off Bembridge. The one-rater need not draw more than 3 ft. of water if ballasted with an iron keel, and most of these types are safe for coast work in skilled hands.

Except for racing purposes, it is prudent to be content with a moderate sail area, and even when racing nothing is gained by crowding on an excess of sail. The choice of rig depends so largely upon locality that it would be foolish to dogmatise on the subject; but the writer personally prefers the cutter-rig to any other. Nearly all fancy arrangements for reefing either foresail or mainsail are prone to go wrong in a breeze; but one has to admit that the average man obtains a great deal of pleasure out of "fiddling about" with the various patents. Jibs that are supposed to roll up when you pull a rope have a perverse way of not doing so except in light winds; and, for my part, I profoundly distrust all revolving mainsail booms, on the ground that they seldom revolve when wanted to do it. For me, the common or garden reef point and a storm jib for bad weather; but all this is a matter of taste.

Now a vital point to consider in buying, or even hiring, a boat is whether or no you can count upon a companion to sail with. If you lack friends partial to sailing, your aim should be extreme simplicity of rig and rigging. Again, more often than not, your companion will be densely ignorant of the craft of sailing, so that here again simplicity of rig is most desirable. The fewer the ropes and patent contrivances the better chance there is that your ignorant companion may be able to haul in or let go the right rope. The squall strikes and you, be it remembered, dare not leave the tiller for a moment. In these critical moments one must depend upon the limited understanding of the amateur companion, so that the less you confuse him with a maze of ropes the better. Also it is wise to temper your technical terms to the limitations of his knowledge. It is often wiser to say quietly, "Let go that small rope close to your right hand," than to use the correct terms. I have known old and warm friendships eternally ruptured by undue insistence upon technical terms

in moments of stress and danger. "If you yell at me like that again, I'm hanged if I touch another beastly rope!" exclaims the indignant amateur. Yet there are moments when any intelligent amateur with a cool head may do yeoman service, more especially in pulling up the centre-board when you blunder upon a shoal. The centre-board is indispensable, but its working sometimes defies the strength of one man, so that no reasonable expense should be spared to obtain the right sort of tackle. Here, again, one should distrust patents and "fancy" arrangements for hoisting up or lowering the board. Perhaps I need hardly say that a wooden centre-board is dangerous; but for the theory of this refer to the text-books. I venture to consider that every boat-sailer should learn to depend upon himself solely, owing to the difficulty of securing a companion with certainty. It simply rigged, quite large boats can be sailed by one man. The broad Atlantic has been crossed in a sailing-boat by at least one adventurous mariner, and for good accounts of single cruising the reader may be referred to "Down Channel," by Mr. MacMullen, and Mr. John Macgregor's "Voyage Alone in the Yawl Rob Roy." Both of these writers sailed alone in small yachts; but long cruises may also be achieved in sailing-boats by those who have mastered

the craft. Maritime history teaches us that almost incredibly long passages have been made by shipwrecked seamen in open boats. But the strain of cruising alone is considerable. You can never leave the tiller, unless you lower your sails and drift. The writer had a curious experience of single-handed cruising a few years ago. Starting from Westminster Bridge with the ebb tide and a foul wind, he had hoped to make the Erith Yacht Club before the tide turned. But the flood began to "make" when his boat was still a couple of miles above Erith, and there was nothing for it but to turn back. By the time he reached Woolwich the tide was running like a mill stream; the night was dark, and he did not care to attempt a landing in that crowded channel. So he sailed on to Westminster and reached the bridge at dawn, after having sailed his boat for nearly thirteen hours without food or drink. Yet, in some respects, the cruise was enjoyable, for the Lower Thames by night is



AT ANCHOR.

a wonderful spectacle, and the amount of work performed on the river-side between sunset and sunrise would surprise many people. In this same boat, a one-rater of the Kittiwake model, the writer narrowly escaped drowning on several occasions by sailing alone in the lower reaches of the Thames. This river is full of dangers for small boats, unless you are content to sail "above bridge." Dartmouth Harbour is another dangerous area, owing to the squalls that sweep down over the surrounding hills and the strength of the tides. But the Solent in July and August, Plymouth Sound, Falmouth Harbour—these are ideal areas for small-boat sailing, and may be warmly commended to lovers of the craft. Except on the Thames, boat-sailing need not prove an expensive sport; and even in the Thames, perhaps, it may be possible to keep down expenses within reasonable limits. Unless a man can live near the coast or a big river it is hardly worth while to buy a sailing-boat, for to hire is far cheaper. If, however, you lose a hired boat, you may have to pay the owner thrice its real value—unless, indeed, you have taken the precaution to draw up an agreement. If, on the other hand, you lose your own boat, you will at least have the consolation of knowing that you will save money—until you are tempted to buy another one.

CHARLES GREIG.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FROM the title-page of *The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne* (Macmillan) we learn that the author, Wilbur L. Cross, is Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. In this book he shows himself worthy of that institution. He has emphatically followed the scientific lines as far as they can be followed in biography. Preceding essayists and biographers have tried to analyse Sterne's gift; they have instituted comparisons between his and other laughing philosophies and have dwelt largely on their own impressions. Mr. Cross has made an elaborate study of the facts, and has allowed Sterne to emerge naturally from the surroundings and circumstances of his life. There is no taste more mutable than that for humour. "Alas poor Yorick!" Is it to be supposed that our sides would be split with laughing if the jests could be found with which he "set the table in a roar"? "Alas poor Yorick!" we may say again, of the parson who assumed the man so much of whose fun has necessarily vanished in our time. Even if possessed of the wishing carpet of time, and able to take our places in Crazy Castle or Shandy Hall, it would avail us little unless it were possible also to recover the mental attitude of 1750. Far wiser was it to collect facts and let them tell their own story. The great moral they point is that the man and his works were each the complement of the other. "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey" were not the result of a pose or an affectation, but flowed so naturally out of Sterne that they either are or they might be pure autobiography. That would be a safe inference from the portraits, of which a fine selection are reproduced. Of them the Sir Joshua, of which Lord Lansdowne is the fortunate possessor, stands easily first. That of Gainsborough in the Salford Art Galleries possesses the excellences of that master, whose portraits, in the words of an eminent critic, look as though they had been "blown on the canvas." But Gainsborough had not the clear insight into character possessed by Reynolds in his day and by Sargent in ours. The youthful portrait by Allan Ramsay at Jesus College, Cambridge, is a little heavy, though the eyes and lips are those of a penetrating humorist. Cleverness alike in artist and sitter is the distinguishing characteristic of the water-colour by Carmontelle at Chantilly. But it is Sir Joshua who produces the most illuminating study. In this portrait one sees the whim and foible of Sterne, human intelligence, and the tenderness and refinement which were reserve forces in his character, while over all broods the slight cloud of melancholy which so often hangs over the face of the humorist. There is an element of revulsion in the best laughter. The unexpected touch of the ludicrous or amusing that is developed when the mind has been prepared for sadness, or even despair, is the most compelling. But Thackeray, in a celebrated essay, proved to his own satisfaction that Sterne was not a gentleman, and the author of the "Book of Snobs" prided himself on being a gentleman who wrote for gentlemen, and is generally contrasted with the democratic Boz as the exponent of the refined upper and middle classes. In this case, however, Thackeray was angry and irritated. A writer in the *Saturday Review* had said that the works of Sterne came from one who was "at least a gentleman," the words being used as a sneer at himself. Therefore he felt bound to look for holes in the character of Sterne, and he experienced no difficulty in finding them. If the standard of conduct be utter flawlessness, who is there could stand the test? Tennyson's "King Arthur" was *sans reproche*, but then he was not flesh and blood. Launcelot could not abide the test, nor could Tristram of Lyonesse, though it would be a singular code that excluded either. The chief incident on which Thackeray founded his conclusion is thus related by the party chiefly concerned:

"I sat," says Dutens, "between Lord Berkeley, who was going to Turin, and the famous Sterne, author of 'Tristram Shandy,' who was considered as the Rabelais of England. We were very jovial during dinner: and drank in the English manner the toasts of the day. The conversation turned upon Turin, which several of the company were on the point of visiting: upon which Mr. Sterne, addressing himself to me, asked me if I knew Mr. Dutens, naming me. I replied 'Yes, very intimately!' The whole company began to laugh, and Sterne, who did not suppose me so near him, imagined that this Mr. Dutens must be a very singular character, since the mention of the name alone excited merriment. 'Is he not rather a strange fellow?' added he immediately. 'Yes,' I replied, 'an original'—'I thought so,' continued he, 'I have heard him spoken of,' and then he began to draw a picture of me, the truth of which I pretended to acknowledge: while Sterne, seeing that the subject amused the company, invented from his fertile imagination many stories which he related in his way to the great diversion of us all." When Dutens withdrew the company told Sterne who he was, to the concern of the novelist, who called on the victim of his raillery next morning for the purpose of making an apology. The narrative of Dutens goes on:

I stopped him short at once by assuring him that I was as much amused at his mistake as any of the party: that he had said nothing which

could offend me: and that if he had known the man he had spoken of as well as I did he might have said much worse things of him. He was delighted with my answer, requested my friendship, and went away highly pleased with me. Upon this anecdote Thackeray pounced in the manner of the "pettifogging attorney" of his own time:

Even to get the laugh of the company at a strange table, perhaps you and I would not tell lies: but, then, we are not true gentlemen.

The incident only shows what snobbishness a great writer may produce when his feelings get the better of him. Such a phrase as "tell lies" is absurd when applied to the inventions of a humorist who evolves them from his fertile imagination for the mere purpose of amusement, and with so little of malice or ill-will that the subject of his fun is as much pleased and diverted as the others. He ought also to have been sufficiently broad-minded to estimate at their true worth the mild flirtations of Sterne with Miss Fourmantelle, Lady Percy and Mrs. Draper. Emotion is the material on which imagination works, and neither the world of letters nor the world of life is peopled with Oliver Goldsmiths whose "imagination was as immaculate as a maid's." Much more profitable is it to turn to those scenes of fantastic tenderness when Mrs. Sterne in her madness fancied that she was Queen of Bohemia:

His wife, suddenly stricken with palsy, "went out of her senses" and "fancied herself Queen of Bohemia." Her husband, falling in with the whim of her delusion, "treated her as such with all the supposed respect due to a crowned head." "In order to induce her to take the air," it was said further, "he proposed coursing in the way it was practised in Bohemia." For that purpose he procured bladders and filled them with beans and tied them to the wheels of a single horse chair when he drove madam into a stubble field. With the motion of the carriage and the bladders' rattle it alarmed the hares and the greyhounds were ready to take them.

Perfect constancy was not one of Sterne's virtues, and the only excuse for the flirtation he carried on with the professional singer, Miss Fourmantelle, while his wife was ill, is that it was an outcome of his temperament and character. If they were reconstructed on a basis of strict propriety the change would involve the loss to English literature of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey."

The greatest of English humorists and one of the greatest English writers, is the verdict Sterne has earned after a century and a-half of criticism. He belongs to a genus in which our literature is not rich. And it is remarkable that he comes into comparison only with men of his own century. The humour of the nineteenth century is different in kind. His latest biographer properly describes him as "the most complete example in modern literature of a man whose other faculties are overpowered by a sense of humour." Mr. Cross incidentally brings him several times into contrast with Fielding. The outlook of the latter was saner and wider, and it sobered him so that he could not go on as Sterne adding extravagance to extravagance with "no force to check and turn him backward." Behind Swift was a savage indignation that kept him from enjoying the jest for the jest's sake. All of them owed much to Cervantes, but in "Don Quixote" there is tragedy behind the farce, so that in the estimation of such a judge as Charles Kingsley it is the saddest book ever written. Shakespeare uses humour only as a handmaid. Fielding was a novelist, Swift a moralist and reformer, Shakespeare a dramatist first and foremost, but each had a sense of humour that was most effectively used; Sterne was first and foremost a humorist, and only incidentally a writer of fiction, a traveller, a preacher, a moralist. An opening for a jest was to him what the sight of a deer is to a hunter. With this zest was coupled the most whimsical mind this country has produced.

A FRIEND OF BYRON.

Recollections of a Long Life, by Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse).

With additional extracts from his private diaries. Edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester. Two vols. (London: John Murray.)

IT is the general weakness of private journals that they excite a curiosity, which they do not satisfy. No diary, save only Pepys's masterpiece, has the courage of complete intimacy. The defect is artistic rather than moral. It is given to few to be perfectly frank, even with themselves; to still fewer to express in words their feelings and their visions. The writer who tells us that on such a day he dined with certain eminent persons records a fact, which doubtless was interesting to him, but which is not interesting to us, unless we hear also something of the wit and humour which sparkled across the table. Lord Broughton's *Recollections* do not escape the common fault. Too often, when he might amuse or enlighten us, discretion, imperfect memory, or artistic incompetence seizes upon him, and he puts us off with mere statistics. But now and again he rises to his opportunity, and, as he knew all the Whigs of his generation, as he was ever the loyal and devoted friend of Byron, the two volumes, now happily edited by Lady Dorchester, throw not a little light upon the history of their time, especially upon the wayward career of the author of "Don Juan." In his treatment of Lord Byron, indeed, we may best measure Lord Broughton's strength and weakness. His defence of his friend is eloquent, just, well balanced. When he describes the same scenes as are described in Lord Byron's letters, he cannot for one

instant sustain the inevitable comparison. In 1817 he writes: "Passed the evening strolling about on horseback with Byron and making assignations." Turn to Byron's own account of this incident, and you will know the difference between the coloured prose of a poet and the plain words of an honest, honourable, perfect gentleman.

Hobhouse, as Lord Rosebery says in an apposite preface, was "a hero wor-shipper," and his heroes were Byron and Napoleon. To these he remained faithful all his life. While he kept the one under his own eye, he patiently collected gossip of the other; and few books that we know show us more plainly the real Napoleon, taken off his guard and sketched from life. An interview forced upon the Emperor by Macnamara, and here given at length, is worth a hundred text-books, and bears in every line the impress of truth. But observation is better than hearsay, and Hobhouse's portrait of Byron is the best that he has done. From the first meeting at Cambridge they were friends. When Byron first went upon his travels, it was Hobhouse who accompanied him; it was Hobhouse who never for a moment doubted or belittled his genius. After their first journey they parted at the Port of Zeeu, and Hobhouse recorded the separation in these words: "Took leave, *non sine lacrymis*, of this singular young man, on a little stone terrace at the end of the bay, dividing with him a little nosegay of flowers, the last thing perhaps that I shall ever divide with him." It was not the last thing they divided; but the sentimentalism of youth is seldom hopeful, and in 1810 Hobhouse could not foresee how large a part he was to play in the romance of Byron and Byronism. They remained companions until the end. Now we find Hobhouse staying at Newstead, and returning to London "after a week of delirium." What would we not give if only he had had the skill to recall us the vision of that week! Now he is doing his best to extricate the poet from a desperate "affair" and opposing his common-sense to the heroics of Lady Caroline Lamb. When Byron was married, it was Hobhouse who set off with him "on his matrimonial scheme," and who acted as "best man" at the ceremony. Hobhouse presented Lady Byron with Byron's Works, bound in yellow morocco, and "when he wished her many years of happiness, she said 'If I am not happy, it will be my own fault.'" In woe, as in weal, Hobhouse was always at Byron's side. He did his utmost to reconcile Lady Byron to the poet, and when reconciliation became impossible he joined his friend in flight and escaped with him from Piccadilly a few minutes before the bailiffs arrived to seize the carriage. That Byron was shamefully treated, was, in fact, the victim of a violent outbreak of cant and intolerance, is now generally understood, and Hobhouse's vindication of his friend might have been suppressed but for one reason. The other party—it is still a party question—has lately issued his manifesto, and Lady Dorchester has worthily discharged a sacred duty in putting before the world Byron's case, as Hobhouse, with the poet's approval, wished it presented.

Hobhouse's worship of Byron is easily explicable. His worship of Napoleon might puzzle us if we did not remember the temper of the Whigs. At the moment of Napoleon's autocracy the Whigs still believed him an apostle of freedom. This is what Hobhouse wrote just before Waterloo: "Regarding Napoleon and his warriors as the partisans of the cause of peoples against the conspiracy of kings, whatever may be my regret that that cause has not fallen into hands so pure as to command unqualified support, I cannot help wishing that the French may meet with as much success as will not compromise the military character of my countrymen; I will not be witness to their triumphs; as a lover of liberty I would not be a spectator of their reverses. I leave Paris to-morrow." This attitude is far better than that of Fox, whose greatest joy was the news of a British defeat; but it is neither bold nor patriotic. And Hobhouse's uncertainty was made more uncertain by the presence of a brother in the British Army. "My cares divided," he wrote, when news came of the battle, "by my brother and Napoleon." Nor did he preserve his respect for Napoleon's system when the Emperor was banished to St. Helena. No sooner was the tyrant gone than he perceived the tyranny. "Hoppner, the painter's son, Consul here," he wrote in 1817, "tells Byron he feels no sympathy with the Italians who lost their liberties to the French. This is the way those scoundrels talk and write home to their Governments, who call their nonsense good information." Truly it was hard to satisfy the Friends of Freedom, and we cannot but put their passion down to a mild romanticism. However, when Hobhouse saw Napoleon, and once he stood face to face with his hero, his description was real enough. "His face is of a deadly pale, his jaws overhanging, but not so much as I had heard. His hair is short, of a dark, dusky brown. . . . He generally stood with his hands knit behind

him or folded before him, three or four times took snuff out of a plain brown box. Once looked at his watch, which, by the way, had a gold face, and, I think, a brown hair chain, like an English one. His teeth seemed regular, but not clean. . . . He had an air of sedate impatience." It is well enough, and gives a faithful impression.

These two are his heroes—Byron and Napoleon. And after the rest it is of Edmund Kean that he writes with the best understanding and enthusiasm. When he speaks of Kean's "sportive ferocity" in "Richard III." you are sure that he is writing with his eye and brain fixed upon the actor. With Scrope Davies, that elusive personage, the puzzle of the memoirs, to whom Byron alone has done some measure of justice, he fails completely. On the other hand, he has incidentally painted a fair portrait of himself—a loyal, kindly, discontented, intelligent man, who confesses that he was only once happy, who seldom left a party without remorse that he had talked either too much or too little, who perhaps took too amiable a view of his own talents, and who withal was gifted with a strange obstinacy. Once he went on a journey with Grattan, and "Grattan tried, as we were coming over Westminster Bridge"—these are Hobhouse's words—"to make me own I was content with him, saying that he was content with me. This I could not and did not do." Where will you find a more vivid revelation of character than in this simple confession?

LIFE IN A YORKSHIRE TOWN.

The Forbidden Theatre, by Keighley Snowden. (T. Werner Lawrie.)

IN his new novel, as in its predecessor, "The Life Class," Mr. Snowden has written a very interesting study of the life of a Yorkshire town, with special reference to its subjection to the sway of the "uncoguid." A generous and cultivated benefactor, who has seen much of the world and is particularly broad-minded and enlightened, wishes to endow the little town with a theatre. To this public-spirited offer a furious objection is raised, on the pretext of preserving the morals of the young, by some of the more rigid and fanatical inhabitants, and the whole place is divided into rival factions. This is the central incident round which hangs a pretty love story. Mr. Snowden takes his readers right into the midst of his little town. The book is full of amusing character sketches drawn from the life, and the dialogue is human and natural. There is, in fact, a good deal more human interest in this study of a little community split by a great dissension than in many more pretentious books which make their appearance with a flourish of trumpets.

A LIVELY AMERICAN STORY.

The Actress, by Louise Closser Hale. (Constable.)

THIS is a lively American story of a young actress on the New York stage who rejects matrimony in order that she may devote herself to her art. Instead of accepting the nice, clean young man who gives her dinner in the opening chapter, she signs an agreement to act in London and crosses the herring-pond to show the British public the truth: inwardness of American drama. The young man very naturally keeps up communication by wire and by letter, with the result that his beloved is extremely vexed and breaks with him altogether. But she finds that something has gone sadly wrong with the art to which she has sacrificed so much; and if she fails in showing Londoners the inwardness of American drama, she at least succeeds in showing herself the inwardness of dramatic and every other art. So she returns home and marries the nice young man, thus bringing a human, intelligent and entirely pleasant tale to an agreeable close.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Everybody's Secret, by Dion Clayton Calthorp. (Alston Rivers.)
The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne, by Wilbur L. Cross. (Macmillan.)
Harm's Way, by Lloyd Osborne. (Mills and Boon.)
Eton Memories, by An Old Etonian. (John Long.)
Town Planning: Past, Present and Possible, by H. Inigo Triggs. (Methuen.)
Recollections of a Long Life, by Lord Brougham (John Cam Hobhouse), 2 vols. (John Murray.)
Sixpenny Pieces, by A. Neil Lyons. (John Lane.)

["NOVELS OF THE WEEK" ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE LXXVI.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE PITLOCHRY MEETING.

IT seems just a little early in the year to be holding a big golf meeting at such a tourist resort as Pitlochry, for the migration of tourists is hardly an accomplished fact by this time; but perhaps it is done to advertise to the tourists how fine a course they may find when they do come. At any rate, the professional meeting just held there gave as fine and even as sensational a show of golf as man could desire, with Harry Vardon record-breaking to start with, then taking his first match round with that most gallant of golfers, Herd, and not defeating the Scot till the twentieth hole. Then he had to play, in the final, Massay, who, meanwhile, had made short work of it with Robson, and in that final, though he gained three holes out of the first nine, he was beaten on the last green, Massay playing very brilliantly at the finish. Now if they always keep the golf at Pitlochry up to that standard, both of interest and of merit, it will be worth going to from a long distance.

OTHER EVENTS IN SCOTLAND.

It is always pleasant to see fresh honours accruing to an illustrious golfing name, and so everyone will welcome the victory of T. Fernie in the Scottish professional championship at Montrose. Aggregates of under 300 for four

rounds are less miraculous than they were, but to beat an average of 75 is still a great achievement, and Fernie is much to be congratulated. He was closely chased home by Robert Thompson, who won last year and made a great effort on the second day to make up leeway lost on the first. Watt of Dirlerton, who was second last year, again played well, and he and Fernie should be good recruits for the Scottish International side, which is rather badly in need of strengthening. The winner's father, Willie Fernie, is still, as everyone knows, a very fine player, although he won the championship as long ago as 1883, after a tie with the ever-famous Bob Ferguson. The Fernies, father and son, against the two Bernard Sayers would make a fine foursome. Another Scottish tournament, that at Cruden Bay, was won by another good young Scottish golfer, Mr. J. A. Robertson-Durham, from a field consisting mainly of his compatriots. Mr. Durham apparently did not reach the final without some adventures; twice at least he had to go past the eighteenth green, and in the semi-final against Mr. Paterson he only won at the twentieth hole, after being no less than five down with but eight to play. A truly prodigious recovery this; but Mr. Durham is great at recoveries in every sense of the word. Was he not an unpleasantly large number of holes down at lunch in last year's University match, only to win comfortably in

the end? While at hitting the ball vast distances out of whin bushes or heather he is rivalled only by such giants as Braid and Ray. A certain number of mistakes are almost inevitable with him, but he is a very fine player notwithstanding. Perhaps if he made fewer mistakes he might yet be less dangerous.

THE CADDIE THAT CAROLS.

I read a story, with the pleasant title of "From Caddie to Caruso," of a boy on an Irish golf course carrying clubs for a theatrical manager, and so charming his master by his voice in casual song that the manager has taken him to be trained for an opera singer. The *dénouement* is not yet; the boy has not yet achieved the eminence of Caruso; that is in the future. It is a nice story—for the boy. But it will not be a nice story for the great golfing world if it has the effect, which we may deem not impossible, of inciting every caddie to warble as he carries, on the presumption that he too is likely to be among those whom the judicious would select to sing in opera. It would be a trifle trying if the caddie were to aspire to the altitudes of Sister Mary Jane's top note at the psychological moment of your having a putt for the match. Even as it is, without the encouragement which the moral of this story might provide, the caddie, as a rule—in England and Scotland, at least, and we should not expect less of him in this way in that other island—is sufficiently vocal.

A WOODEN CLUB FOR BALL IN HEATHER.

John Rowe of Ashdown Forest, who is as much at home in the heather as any old grouse, always bangs the ball out with a wooden club. He is a marvelous artist at the stroke, greater even than James Braid, even as (and probably just because) the heather of Ashdown Forest is stiffer, closer and altogether more abominable than that of Walton Heath. Moreover, the case of Rowe is more worthy the consideration of the ordinary golfer, because he seems to be a man with something like the normal endowment of human thews and sinews. Braid has these in more than the common share, and, therefore, the normal being is apt to regard his exploits with something of a despairing admiration, as if it were vain for him, with his merely average equipment, to attempt to rival them. Rowe reduces no man to this desperate state. There is some prospect of emulation. Braid has laid down as an axiom that the ball is more easily taken out of heather with a wooden than with an iron club. Rowe supports the principle by his practice.

HOW THE STROKE SHOULD BE PLAYED.

I have asked Rowe how he does it, and though it is often much easier for an artist to perform his work than to explain it, he has told me that he believes the whole secret to consist in hitting the ball—that is to say, in not hitting too much behind or too much under the ball, but just bringing down the club so as to clip it as cleanly as possible. Any effort in the way of digging or forcing he seems to regard as fatal to success, and so far as I have been able to profit by his counsel I may say that I have found this hint helpful. Why the wood should take the ball better out of heather than the iron, neither of those two able practitioners, Braid and Rowe, has explained in any manner which seems to carry conviction. The iron is said to cut through the heather, whereas the wood is said to push it aside; but this, though it may be all right, hardly seems adequate. However, "the play's the thing," and certainly its *dénouement* is less often tragic if the wooden club, not the iron, be taken. That is the conclusion that counts.

THE OPENING OF STOKKE PAGES.

Stokke Page, came very well out of its opening ordeal on Monday. A rather gloomy morning turned into a fine, sunshiny afternoon, and the place looked at its very best. It is certainly an ideal spot for loafing; the view is charming, and to sit out lazily on the terrace after lunch is as pleasant an occupation as need be. To say this, however, is, perhaps, to do an injustice to the course; a second visit only confirmed the good impression originally formed. The professionals found it none too easy, even without its full complement of bunkers, as their scores testify. Braid played very steadily, and his 74 was a thoroughly sound score; he had one brilliant hole—the fifteenth in three—a hole which most people would be proud to do in four and will do in five. Taylor played steadily till the seventeenth hole, where ignorance of the course misled him into a bit of bad judgment, resulting in a difference of opinion with a tree and a six on his card. Sherlock did not putt as well as usual, and had too many fives, while Massy never quite recovered from a terrible seven at the first hole, which should be a comfortable five. In the afternoon Massy played, perhaps,

the best of the four, and he and Taylor beat Braid and Sherlock in a four ball match by four up and three to play.

GOLFERS IN THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

Golfers were well represented at Lord's the other day, and did themselves great credit. Mr. Evans, Mr. Hooman and Mr. Ireland all played in the University golf match at Sandwich, and all came off at Lord's. Mr. Evans has been generally spoken of as the best bat on either side. He is not yet the best golfer at either University, but he has, perhaps, the greatest possibilities, for he hits the ball well in a graceful, natural style, and should soon be very good indeed. Mr. Ireland, who helped to save Cambridge from complete disaster in the first innings, also hits a golf ball very naturally and easily and hits it on occasions a very long way; he is the hero of the almost unique achievement of having done two holes in one in the course of nine holes. Mr. Hooman, who made over forty in the second innings of Oxford, is probably the best golfer of the three at present, and should be better still if he does not let the habit of over-much waggling get the mastery of him. There were two Scotsmen on the Cambridge side, a comparatively rare occurrence; but as far as is known neither Mr. Macleod nor Mr. Lockhart is a golfer, or at least they do not take that game as seriously as their cricket and football.

MAY A MAN STAND ON HIS CAP?

It is a very terrible thing to hold the honourable position of something like an amateur expert on questions of golfing rule. The latest conundrum which has been submitted is whether a man is allowed, when he addresses himself to the ball, to stand on his cap. It sounds like a comic opera golfing question, but arose in a match among players who were taking themselves quite seriously. The cap, it may be said, had been removed from the owner's head and placed on the ground to give his foot a better grip. Of course, this would not be good for the cap, but that is an altogether unworthy consideration. Supposing that his one foot would, except for the cap, be resting on a piece of ice, it is evident that the player would gain a great advantage by placing his cap as a mat for a foothold. The answer that the Rules of Golf Committee would give if this question were submitted would be, in all probability, that the use of anything in the nature of an artificial stand such as this was contrary to the spirit of the game, and, therefore, inadmissible; but it is not easy to point to any rule directly forbidding a man to wear his cap on his foot, or, *vice versa*, his foot on his head, if so disposed. One learned man to whom I submitted this question said that the player might stand on his cap if he liked, so long as his cap was on his head; but that means either standing on your head, or else with one foot on your head, and neither position is an easy one in which to play golf.

BOOK LEARNING.

There are some golfers that are always interesting to watch from the reason that one can see clearly the various books that they have read working in their minds as they swing; they are, as a rule, pleasant opponents, if one is in search of half-a-crown. Careful observation will usually reveal the work which has most lately found favour with them. If one sees a player swinging, so to speak, in sections, one may be sure he has been studying Mr. Bellamy's admirable photographs of the component parts of Harry Vardon's up swing. The student begins by turning the left wrist fiercely over, and taking the club back

a certain distance; then comes a pause, so that one almost expects to hear the click of machinery in the player's inside, and then the club goes up to assume a vertical position; another pause and another jerk and it coils itself round his neck. Regarded as a whole, the performance is not strikingly Vardonian, and the result still less so. Again, the student of Taylor's very excellent advice on mashie play will be seen turning his wrists, and with them the face of his club, so industriously away from the ball that it seems impossible that club and ball should ever meet again; as a rule they do meet, but not always on the best of terms. Massy, so far, has few imitators, since he has not yet written a book, and not even Mr. Bellamy's photographs can quite reproduce his "pig's tail" flourish at the top of the swing.

MR. HAROLD JANION.

A championship meeting without Mr. Janion would be regrettable; Hoylake without him is simply unthinkable. Mr. Janion was first the treasurer and is now the secretary of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, and there is nowhere where anything from a championship to a dinner is managed better and with less fuss than at Hoylake. When the contingent from Liverpool arrives at a championship, Mr. Janion is invariably to be found in it, and is as essential to the success of the meeting as Mr. John Ball or Mr. Jack Graham. He contents himself, as a rule, with looking on at golf, and for



MR. HAROLD JANION.

the last few years has resolutely declined to play the game; but rumours have lately been heard that he has been seen in a foursome at Hoylake and is, moreover, a very good partner. No account of him would be complete without adding, after the manner of the society journals, that his many friends disrespectfully call him "Jane."

GOLFING JOKES GOOD AND BAD.

"MR. PUNCH" has perpetrated a great many jokes in his time on the subject of golf, and he has now collected them together in a volume called "The Funny Side of Golf." The most that can be said for them is that as to some the epithet is not ill-chosen. The golfing jester is no doubt in something of a quandary; he must not be too technical for the non-golfer, nor too obvious for the golfer. At the same time, he should remember that the joke of a fat old gentleman suddenly struck by a ball, or indulging in profane language over a short putt, though it may always be rather amusing to eye-witnesses, will not bear elaborately illustrating for ever. Moreover, the elements of golf are now pretty widely known, and there no longer appears anything essentially ridiculous in the word "Fore," even though a companion picture is called "Aft" and portrays a passer-by receiving a violent blow from behind. Again, one can hardly be expected to smile to-day at the not very subtle humour of "Our Village: The Golf-club in Full Swing," depicting one gentleman following through into another gentleman's eye; it is more than doubtful whether anyone would have smiled even when golf in England was in its infancy.

It is to this time of the infancy of golf that we turn for some of the pleasantest things in the book. Du Maurier is always delightful—O, *si sic omnes*—and we find ourselves looking back again and again at the "Golf Stream which Flows Along the Eastern Coast of Scotland During the Summer and Autumn." Then there is the "Suggestion for a Rainy Day: Spillikins on a Grand Scale"; nothing can be better than the expression of the middle-aged enthusiast gingerly picking off the topmost club from a litter of others on the floor, while his opponent looks on breathlessly.

The bad language joke has, needless to say, been worked for all it is worth, and we have even the rather elementary witticism about "addressing" the ball. Mr. Raven Hill has, however, succeeded in extracting something new from the subject; he has a delightful drawing of the Professor, the remnants of a club in his hand, turning deliberately to several horror-stricken lady spectators and saying: "—! ! ! and I don't apologise." Good, too, is Mr. Townsend's picture of little Albert (always thirsting for knowledge), who is carrying the clubs of an elderly uncle of apoplectic appearance. The tee is at the edge of a pond, and the ball is seen making ducks-and-drakes over its surface, soon to find a watery grave; one would like to see the result of little Albert's innocent question: "Uncle, do they pronounce that word ricochaying or ricochetting?"

The caddie provides, of course, an almost inexhaustible mine of golfing humour, and it is unfortunate for "Mr. Punch's"

purposes that too often in real life the caddie's *bons mots* have some unprintable element which cannot adequately be replaced; a remark which also applies to one really great humorist in the professional ranks. On the whole, the caddie jokes are rather disappointing with one notable exception, Mr. Lewis Baumer's "Undriven Drive—a Story Without Words," in which every attitude and expression of the small boy are perfectly heavenly. There is also something entertaining about the curate who bids his caddie on the teeing-ground merely place the ball on the turf, saying, "I give up sand in Lent." While on the subject of caddies it may be asked why the "Carry your caddie, sir?" joke should occur twice in one book. Once is surely quite enough.

Among other pleasant pictures are those of the English wife and the American husband, who each carry the clubs of their respective consorts; also Mr. Baumer's illustration of the announcement that "A sporting little nine-hole course is now added to the attractions of Shrimington." Before opening the book we had recollected with joy one joke of Mr. Townsend's of a year or two ago, and as we got near the end without finding it, our indignation ran high. However, on page 111 we discovered it and read it again with delight. "Hullo," says the doctor, looking at a clinical thermometer. "This won't do—Hundred and three." "What's Bogeys?" asks the patient.

Beyond golfing jokes proper there are those which may be so termed, because the artist has chosen to lay his scene on a golf course, although it might equally well be anywhere else. Some of these are amusing enough, but it may be pointed out that an ordinary bad joke is not made into a good golfing joke by arraying the characters in knickerbockers and putting clubs in their hands. "What a lovely view!" says the golfer. "Reg'lar Panama I calls it," answers the caddie; it is hard to see why golf should be saddled with so very dull a malapropism.

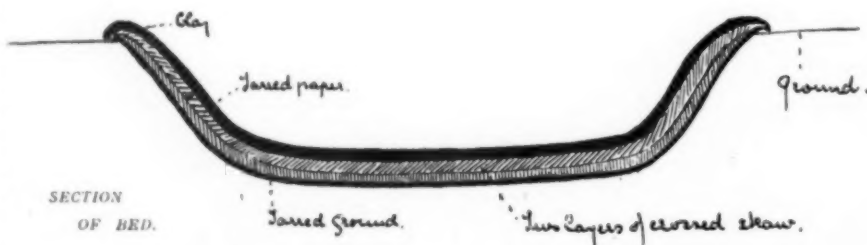
In future ages the historian will be able to guess roughly the date of the first popularity of golf by the fact that in this collection there is but one picture signed "C. K." In that one picture the general scenery, and especially a martello tower in the distance, are strongly reminiscent of Felixstowe when Charles Keene used to play rather curiously attired in a white coat, not unlike that of a house-painter. It is interesting to observe that though he was himself a golfer, he did not take the trouble to draw golf clubs at all accurately, scarcely, indeed, differentiating them from walking sticks. In not being able to draw a club, however, Keene is in very good company, and many of the artists would be punished with more than sufficient severity if they were compelled to play golf with the misshapen creations of their own fancy. The prevailing fault is to draw all clubs far too upright in the lie, so that they fulfil the Oxford professor's description as being "instruments singularly ill-adapted to their purpose." As we reach the more recent drawings there is a perceptible improvement in this respect; but we still like Du Maurier best. It is impossible not to reflect that many more of the jokes would seem amusing if he had had the illustrating of them; and oh! how we wish that Leech had drawn the immortal Mr. Briggs at golf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MAKING OF DEW-PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In many agricultural districts shortness of water has been experienced in recent years, possibly owing to the deferred effects of de-afforestation. May I suggest that the by no means new but, perhaps, not very well-known dew-pond might be found of sufficient value to repay the comparatively small cost of construction. The principle on which the dew-pond collects water, not only from rain, but from moisture-laden air, is that the bed or bottom must be of poor heat-conducting power, so that the water may receive as little heat as possible from the earth. In comparatively dry weather a certain amount of evaporation takes place, which cools the remaining water down to or below the dew-point. When this temperature has been attained much moisture will be deposited from the moist air passing over the pond. On clear nights following warm days the fall in temperature is very rapid, the more rapid evaporation of the water producing more cooling and the radiation at night further lowering the temperature, and, therefore, more efficiently condensing moisture from the air. A slight elevation has an advantage over a depression or a level place, more because of the possibility of being able to run off water and avoid pumping rather than any advantage in connection with the deposition of atmospheric moisture. The ground should be dug out or suitably raised, so that a section



across the pond will have this form. The sides being somewhat steep, the depth does not really matter very much, but less than 2½ ft. or 3 ft. is inadvisable. The surface of the ground, after beating to a moderately even curve, should be coated with medium hard pitch, either applied hot or in a semi-fluid form obtained by mixing with some ordinary coal tar. Over this is to be placed a layer of straw, laid regularly to the depth of at least 6 in. after well treading down. Over this ordinary coal tar should be sprinkled by any form of rose or watering can. This is to be followed by a

second layer of straw of about the same thickness, but laid down so that the straws lie at right angles to the straws of the bottom layer. Over this pitch, or somewhat thick tar, is also sprinkled somewhat liberally. Immediately over this comes a layer of clay from 4 in. to 6 in. thick, which must be well rammed down and form a complete water-tight cover over the

tarred straw. The tar protects the straw from decomposition, and therefore crushing and giving way in places. This forms the main non-conducting layer. Sheets of tarred brown paper laid down in overlapping strips between the top of the straw and the clay puddling is an advantage, as, in addition to being practically impervious to water, it allows of the clay being put down in a more even layer. In place of straw I have no doubt that peat, ling or even sawdust, similarly slightly treated with coal tar, would do almost as well for the non-heat-conducting layer.—W. R. HODGKINSON.

WHAT TO DO
WITH A POND.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I should be extremely glad if you could give me some advice on the following subject. Early in the year I took a house having a small pond, about 20ft. by 15ft., on the lawn, which I intended to turn into a water-garden. As the season advanced, however, it became choked with American weed. Then thickets of a wiry stemmed plant, with long slender leaves not unlike a willow, sprang up at either end and advanced at such a rate that they threaten to fill the pool altogether. When the sun does deign to shine, such surface as is still left becomes covered with an unhealthy iridescent scum, and swarms of midges, which I am told breed in dirty water, make it almost impossible to sit on the lawn. I thought I might be able to cut down these beds of weed, but I find that the bottom of the pond is thoroughly staked and bushed so that it is impossible to get near the roots. The lawn descends to the pond in two terraces of about 6ft. each, but on the further side the garden is quite level. The pond is fed by rain water from the roofs, and the only outlet is an ugly ditch, which, of course, only carries off surplus water after heavy rain. I am afraid if I pumped it dry now and the weather should chance to become warm, I should only make matters worse than they are, since there are at least 2ft. of mud at the bottom of the pond, and no way of filling it except by waiting for a shower. If I wait until the autumn and then empty it by cutting across the lower lawn, which will be a lengthy and untidy process, the refilling difficulty still remains. And even when it is emptied my gardener tells me that it is unsuitable for a water-garden owing to its depth, which is about 6ft. He says that the common white water-lily would take about five years to establish itself in such a depth of water before it would bloom at all, and that the more delicate hybrid nymphæas, which I want to grow, cannot live in a greater depth than 18in. But if I fill the pool up to this depth there is the chance of its disappearing altogether in a hot summer; added to which it is stocked with gold-fish, which I would like to replace when it is clean, and I do not think they would thrive in such shallow water. I should be very glad if you could tell me what to do to render the water less unpleasant at present; when to clean it and how; and what I could plant in it when clean if the depth really is too great for nymphæas.—M. O.

[All that can be done to the pond at the present time is to drag as much as possible of the weed out. The most satisfactory way of doing this is to take an ordinary wooden hay-rake and twist it about among the weed, hauling out as much as possible. This weed should not be allowed to lie about, for, as decomposition sets in, an abominable stench occurs. It is advisable to take it right away and cover it with soil or bury it in a manure heap. You might reduce the weed by poisoning the water by introducing 2½oz. of copper sulphate into every 10,000gal. of water. It is doubtful whether the poison will be sufficient to harm the fish, but you must be prepared for it to do so. You certainly ought to clean the pond out in the winter. A good time to commence would be early in November. Drain the water off, collect the fish, and place them in a trough of clean water, which should be changed frequently. Allow the mud to dry for a few days; then draw it together into narrow rows to allow of its draining well. In a week or ten days it will be ready for wheeling out. Pond mud forms an excellent dressing for grassland, and after it has been weathered it forms a good top-dressing for trees. The pond is certainly too deep for water-lilies as it is now, and it would pay you to fill it up to 2½ft. near the margins and 3½ft. in the middle. You can then plant the water-lilies on mounds of soil 1ft. to 1½ft. high. The pond could be filled up with waste soil, but ought to have a good bottom and sides made with puddled clay 6in. to 9in. deep. If you do this you may expect to have good water-lilies of all hardy kinds next year. You cannot expect good results from anything planted in 6ft. of water. The overflow ditch spoken about could be made pretty by cleaning out the mud and placing large stones in the water track, then planting the sides with such things as iris sibirica, the common yellow iris or flag, primula japonica, ferns in variety, senecio clivorum, arrow-head, rodgersias, caltha palustris and other plants of a similar character. The sides of the ditch could be made irregular in outline, and here and there level with the



bottom of the ditch to form a position for some bog plant.—Ed.]

YOUNG RABBITS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The scene in the accompanying photograph is a very common one just now. "Up along" almost every hedgerow, out in the fresh avenue cut for the mowing-machine, and at the edge of each fox-covert and cornfield, old rabbits are leading out the young to the outer world—its delights and dangers. When only the ears can be seen, the stalker with a rook-rifle can easily pick out the young rabbit by the greater transparency of its ears;

but an even greater pleasure can be obtained by watching their antics and ways of feeding and playing when they think themselves unobserved.—P.

HEDGEROW OF SWEET BRIAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wish to plant sweet briar along one side of a fence. I shall be glad if you or any of your correspondents can tell me the name of any specially sweet-scented kind. It must not be delicate, as the spring here is very trying.—ZEPHYR.

[The common, wild sweet briar is the sweetest-scented and hardiest that we know of and would make a delightful hedge; it might, however, be difficult to obtain plants of this. The hybrid sweet briars known as Lord Penzance's hybrids are very beautiful, hardy and sweet-scented, and the following varieties should be suitable for our correspondent: Amy Robsart, deep rose; Anne of Geierstein, dark crimson; Lady Penzance, soft copper tint; Lord Penzance, fawn; Meg Merrilees, crimson, very free flowering; Refulgence, very vigorous, semi-double scarlet, changing to crimson.—Ed.]

THE WARBLERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in your correspondent's letter in last week's COUNTRY LIFE commenting on the increase in the number of warblers this year. I also have noticed that several of the warblers have had second broods, especially the willow-warblers, which have come to us in great numbers this year. The garden warbler is also to be seen frequently, which is unusual in Devon, as ours is not a county for warblers, though the wood warbler is to be heard in every wood. Perhaps the most curious feature of this bird-nesting season is the absence of the long-tailed tit; whereas in the year 1903 I found twenty-four nests, 1904 twenty-two, 1905 seventeen, 1906 nineteen, 1907 thirteen, 1908 nine. This year I have only found one. Can any of your correspondents tell me if these birds change their nesting districts? Last week I found a wren's nest built under and forming part of a chaffinch's nest.

The chaffinch has hatched her young, but the wren is still adding to her part of the building. So far there seems to be no enmity between the two owners of the same house.—M. D. A. KELLY.

ANOTHER INLAID CHEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of an inlaid chest I possess may interest you, as it is somewhat similar in design to that at Rothamsted, illustrated recently in your pages, although, of course, not in the same perfect condition. The chest is engraved with rough sketches—a man's head, a wild boar, a hare and dogs.—HENRY E. EVE.

[A richly decorated and interesting piece. It has lost some of its inlay and a few of the applied split-baluster ornaments. Otherwise it appears to be in fair condition and in original state. It differs from the Rothamsted chest in so far that the latter has the octagon panels usual in inlaid examples dating from the middle of the seventeenth century, whereas this piece preserves the thoroughly Jacobean device of arcading.—Ed.]

EAGLE OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing Miss Turner's beautiful photograph of a pair of young long-eared owls made me wonder whether the enclosed print of an eagle-owl would be any use to you. The bird (it is not my own) was brought as a young one from Norway some years ago. It is now a magnificent creature, with most





intense orange eyes. I succeeded in getting one very good photograph of the owl; at least, the negative appeared so, but as I placed it in the printing-frame it slipped and, with a horrid crash, went smash on the floor! Perhaps when printed it would not have been perfect; but broken negatives, like lost fish, are always far better than anything one has done or caught before.—FRANCES PITT.

EEL - CATCHING IN A TROUT STREAM.

TO THE EDITOR.
SIR,—I am greatly obliged by "W. F. C.'s" very interesting letter in your

July 3rd issue, and I desire to thank him as well as express the hope that he will be good enough to tell me where to get the eel-baskets and how to bait them. I once bought a metal one made of zinc or galvanised metal, but I did not give it a fair trial, and was ignorant as to the way to lay and bait it properly—hence I obtained no result. There was an elaborate eel-trap at the mill below the water in question, some five-and-twenty years ago; it was connected with the waste-water flood-gates above the mill pool and wheel. There was, if I remember aright, a wired trough that caught the eels passing over the gate, and this trough was set at an inclination so that they descended towards one side of the gate and fell into a closed catchpit; but this trap has been allowed to fall into decay by the present proprietor of the mill. The arrangement, as I recollect it, would be too costly for me to think of adopting. I should explain that while your obliging contributor is right as to my object generally, the chief object is to keep a head of water in the river by the garden and field which belong to the residence on the river bank, and the eel-trap is for the double purpose of paying interest on outlay and for food supply. I am told that a double wire grille should be let down to keep the eels from passing the gates, the upper grille to be of less depth so that the eels fall into the inter-space, then boxes lying at the bottom would receive the eel, and these boxes could be drawn up to secure the catch. I am sorry to occasion you the further trouble; but as the answer already vouchsafed is so interesting to your readers and to me in particular, I doubt not that this further demand will be productive of more good fruit.—T. D. E.

[In reply to the above, "W. F. C." replies as follows: "I enclose for 'T. D. E.' the address of the maker of eel-baskets. Should he get any he will have to provide plugs for the end by which the eels do not enter. Some people tie a piece of sacking round that end, but a wooden, cork-shaped plug with a large iron staple by which to pull it out is the best means. He must also provide a means of sinking the baskets. A flat stone tied on will

do, but an iron bar fixed along the bottom of the basket by copper wire is more satisfactory. The handle is on the top of the basket, and must have a cord attached to it so as to lower the basket into the water and to tie it on to the bush, if possible, out of reach of passers-by. The temptation to examine what is at the other end of any accessible piece of line is, so far as I know, irresistible. Therefore, it is expedient to set the baskets from a boat and tie the strings well away from the bank. Until August the entrance to the baskets should point down stream. They should be set on



a gravelly bottom with a little stream passing, not in a backwater or a rapid, depth about 4ft. It is impossible to say where to set them exactly; experience must decide. After August the entrance should point up stream. As to bait, large lob-worms are undoubtedly the best. A store of them must be kept in a tub in a cool place with sods of earth. The worms may be gathered by candle-light any night after rain on the lawn; no doubt 'T. D. E.' knows all about that. Near the mouth of the basket is a small sliding piece of wood covering a small receptacle known as 'the clett'; the worms—about three—threaded on brass wire, as used for making rabbit snares, the two ends fastened together, are placed inside the clett and must be renewed each evening. If they are allowed to get stale in the clett the eels will fight shy of the baskets. If, owing to any unforeseen calamity, the worms in the tub perish prematurely, other baits such as liver and rabbit's entrails are better than nothing. Before use the baskets should be sunk in the river for several days at any rate, as the eels dislike the newness of them. It is better to look at and empty the baskets before breakfast, as, if left during the day, the eels seem to have an unaccountable way of finding their way out of them. I regret that I cannot advise 'T. D. E.' as to his trap, but I do further recommend him to try 'babbling' (also called clotting) as a most entertaining means of increasing his catch of eels.—Ed.]

A PHEASANT'S NESTING SITE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a pheasant sitting. The nest has been made between the cast antlers of a fallow deer, which must be somewhat of a curiosity in nesting sites. Since the formation of the Ribblesdale



Buckhounds a great charm has been added to the country-side by the presence of various species of deer; these are now becoming widespread, but I chiefly see them about the woods along the banks of the Ribble or the Hodder. Gamekeepers complain that they disturb pheasants sitting, etc. Will this photograph convince the keepers that they would do well to cultivate the presence of deer to provide attractive nesting sites for pheasants? I have no doubt that the bird in this case has nested between the antlers in mistake for the cover of a fallen branch.—ALFRED TAYLOR.

CATTLE CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending herewith a photograph of a most remarkable incident which occurred on Friday, July 2nd, at Mullion, Cornwall. It appears that some cattle (eight in all) strayed on to the beach when the tide was out, and upon its return the animals were forced back into a small cove, thus getting themselves into a perilous position. By mere chance I had my camera with me, and I got as near as possible to the animals (for, as the photograph shows, the rocks in the immediate vicinity are of a very precipitous nature) and

secured the enclosed snap-shot. I informed persons in the locality of the occurrence, and a number of men eventually came and rescued the cattle by making them swim around some rocks, guided by ropes affixed to their horns, and brought them ashore. The tide was still rising when the photograph was taken, and, although the sea was calm outside, there was a heavy swell around these rocks, and the animals were repeatedly taken off their legs. I might mention that the owner of the cattle and his workmen were busy with their hay, and failed to notice that the cattle had strayed. —ALFRED E. PHILLIPS.